K. Southwell

LETTERS

Written by a

K

Peruvian PRINCESS.

Tranſlated from the *FRENCH.*

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IF truth, when it ſtrays from probability, uſually loſes its credit in the eye of reaſon, it is for a ſhort time only; but, let it contradict prejudice ever ſo little, and ſeldom ſhall it find grace before that tribunal.

What then ought not the editor of this work to fear, in preſenting to the public the letters of a young *Peruvian*, whoſe ſtile and thoughts ſo little agree with the mean idea which an unjuſt prejudice has cauſed us to form of her nation?

Enriched by the precious ſpoils of *Peru*, we ought, at leaſt, to regard the inhabitants of that part of the world as a magnificent people; and the ſentiment of reſpect is not very remote from the idea of magnificence.

But

But ſo prejudiced are we always in our own favour, that we rate the merit of other nations not only in proportion as their manners imitate ours, but in proportion as their tongues approach nearer to our Idiom. *How can one be a* Perſian?*

We deſpiſe the *Indians*, and hardly grant a thinking ſoul to thoſe unhappy people: yet their

* The tranſlator apprehends this ſentence o be a ſatirical repetition after ſome other *French* author. There were a few ſtrokes marked in the ſame manner in one or two of the letters, which he did not take notice of, as he ſuppoſed they would be unintelligible to the *Engliſh* reader.

hiſtory is in every one's hands, and abounds with monuments of the ſagacity of their minds, and the ſolidity of their philoſophy.

The apologiſt of humanity and of beautiful nature has traced the out-lines of the *Indian* manners in a dramatic poem, the ſubject of which divides the glory with the execution.

With ſo much light given us into the characters of theſe people, there ſhould ſeem no room to fear that original letters, which only exhibit what we already know of the lively and natural wit of the *Indians*, are in danger of

of paſſing for a fiction. But, hath prejudice any eyes? There is no ſecurity againſt its judgment, and we ſhould have been careful not to ſubmit this work to it, if its empire had been without bounds.

It ſeems needleſs to give notice, that the firſt letters of *Zilia* were tranſlated by herſelf: every one muſt eaſily judge, that, being compoſed in a language, and traced in a manner equally unknown to us, this collection could never have reached us, if the ſame hand had not writ them in our tongue.

We owe this tranſlation to *Zilia*'s leiſure in her retreat: her complaiſance in communicating them to the chevalier *Deterville*, and the permiſſion he at laſt obtained to keep them, were the means that conveyed them into our hands.

It will eaſily be ſeen, by the faults of grammar and negligence of ſtile, that we have been ſcrupulouſly careful not to take away any thing of the genuine ſpirit that reigns in this work. We have been content with ſuppreſſing (eſpecially in the firſt letters) a great number of *Oriental*

*tal** terms and compariſons, which eſcaped *Zilia*, though ſhe knew the *French* tongue perfectly well when ſhe tranſlated them: we have only left ſo many of them as may ſhew the neceſſity of retrenching the reſt.

We thought it poſſible alſo to give a more intelligible turn to certain metaphyſical ſtrokes, which might have appeared obſcure; but this we have done without changing the thought itſelf. This

* The *French* editor here uſes *Oriental* for *lofty* and *ſwelling*, though the *Peruvians*, with reſpect to us, are certainly an *Occidental* people.

is the only part that the editor has had in this ſingular work.

*** The tranſlator begs leave juſt to add, that, as he went thro' his task with peculiar pleaſure, he hopes he has done juſtice to a work which he looks upon to have great beauty in the original. The *Peruvian* character, as far as we know it from hiſtory, joined to that of good ſenſe, obſtinate vertue, tender ſentiments, and unchangeable affections, cannot be more ſtrongly and naturally painted than in the letters of *Zilia*; nor do we often ſee the progreſs

of

of the human mind ſo correctly and expreſſively drawn as in theſe letters.

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LETTERS

Written by a

PERUVIAN LADY.

LETTER I.

AZA! my dear *Aza!* the cries of thy tender *Zilia*, like a morning vapour, exhale and are diſſipated before they arrive in thy preſence: in vain I call thee to my ſuccour; in vain I expect thy love to come, and

break the chains of my ſlavery: alas! perhaps the misfortunes I am ignorant of are the moſt terrible! perhaps thy woes ſurpaſs even mine.

The city of the ſun, delivered to the fury of a barbarous nation, ſhou'd make my eyes o'erflow with tears: but my grief, my fears, my deſpair, are for thee alone.

Dear ſoul of my life, what didſt thou in that frightful tumult? Was thy courage fatal or uſeleſs to thee? Cruel alternative! mortal inquietude! O my dear *Aza*, may'ſt thou yet live in ſafety, and may I ſink, if it be needful, under the ills that oppreſs me.

Since the terrible moment (which ſhould have been ſnatch'd out of the chain of time, and replunged into the eternal ideas) ſince the moment of horror wherein theſe impious ſavages

vages bore me away from the worſhip of the ſun, from myſelf, from thy love; retained in ſtrait captivity, deprived of all communication, ignorant of the language of theſe fierce men, I experience only the effects of misfortune, without being able to diſcover the cauſe of it. Plung'd in an abyſs of obſcurity, my days reſemble the moſt dreadful nights.

Far from being affected with my complaints, my raviſhers are not touch'd even with my tears; equally deaf to my language, and to the cries of my deſpair.

What people are there ſo ſavage, as to be unmov'd at the ſigns of anguiſh? What dreary deſart could produce human beings, inſenſible to the voice of groaning nature? O the barbarians, ſavage maſters of the

thunder *, and of the power to exterminate; cruelty is the ſole guide of their actions. *Aza!* how wilt thou eſcape their fury? Where art thou? in what ſituation? If my life is dear to thee, inform me of thy deſtiny.

Alas! how is mine changed. Whence can it be, that days, in themſelves ſo like one another, ſhould, with reſpect to me, have ſuch fatal differences? Time rolls on, darkneſs ſucceeds light, nothing in nature appears out of place: and I, but now ſupremely happy, lo I am fallen into the horror of deſpair; nor was there an interval to prepare me for this fearful paſſage.

Thou knoweſt, O delight of my heart, that on that terrible day, that day for ever dreadful, the triumph of our union was to have ſhone forth.

Scarce

* Alluding to the cannon.

Scarce did it begin to appear, when, impatient to execute a project which my tenderneſs had inſpired me with in the night, I ran to my *Quipos* †, and, taking advantage of the ſilence which then reign'd in the temple, haſten'd to my knotting, in hopes that by their aſſiſtance I might render immortal the hiſtory of our love and our felicity.

As I proceeded in my work, the undertaking appeared to me leſs difficult: the clue of innumerable threads, by degrees, grew under my fingers a faithful painting of our actions and our ſentiments; as 'twas heretofore the interpreter of our thoughts during

† A great number of ſtrings of different colours, which the *Indians* uſe, for want of writing, in accounting the pay of their troops, and the number of their people. Some Authors pretend, that they make uſe of them alſo to tranſmit to poſterity the memorable actions of their *Inca*'s.

ring the long intervals of our abſence from each other. Wholly taken up with my employment, I forgot how time paſſed, when a confuſed noiſe awaken'd my ſpirits, and made my heart beat. I thought the happy moment was arrived, and that the hundred gates * were opening to give a free paſſage to the ſun of my days: precipitately I hid my *Quipos* under a lappet of my robe, and ran to meet thee.

But how horrible was the ſpectacle that appeared before my eyes? The fearful idea of it will never be effaced out of my memory.

The pavement of the temple ſtained with blood; the image of the ſun trodden under foot; our affrighted vir-

* In the temple of the Sun were a hundred gates, which the *Inca* only had power to have opened.

virgins flying before a troop of furious ſoldiers, who maſſacred all that oppoſed their paſſage; our *Mamas* † expiring under their wounds, their garments ſtill burning with the fire of the thunder; the groans of diſmay, the cries of rage, ſpreading dread and horror on every ſide, brought me at laſt to a ſenſe of my miſery.

Being returned to myſelf, I found that by a natural, and almoſt involuntary motion I was got behind the altar, which I embraced. There I ſaw the barbarians paſs by: I did not dare to give free paſſage to my panting breath, for fear it ſhould coſt me my life. I remarked, however, that the effects of their cruelty abated at

† A kind of Governantes over the virgins of the Sun.

the ſight of the precious ornaments that overſpread the temple; that they ſeized thoſe whoſe luſtre ſtruck them moſt feelingly; and that they even plucked off the plates of gold that lined the walls. I judged that theft was the motive of their barbarity, and that, to avoid death, my only way was to conceal myſelf from their ſight. I deſigned to have got out of the temple, to have been conducted to thy palace, to have demanded of the *Capa Inca* * ſuccours, and an aſylum for my companions and me: but no ſooner did I attempt to ſtir, but I was arreſted. Oh my dear *Aza*! then did I tremble! theſe impious dared to lay their hands upon the daughter of the ſun.

Torn from the ſacred abode, dragg'd ignominiouſly out of the temple,

* The general name of the reigning *Incas*.

temple, I ſaw for the firſt time the threſhold of the celeſtial gate, which I ought not to have paſſed but with the enſigns of royalty †. Inſtead of the flowers which ſhould have been ſtrewed under my feet, I ſaw the ways covered with blood and carnage: inſtead of the honours of the throne, which I was to have been partaker of with thee; a ſlave under the laws of tyranny, ſhut up in an obſcure priſon, the place that I occupy in the univerſe is bounded by the extent of my being. A mat, bathed with tears, receives my body fatigued by the torments of my ſoul: But, dear ſupport of my life, how light will all theſe evils be to me, if I can but learn that thou breatheſt?

† The virgins conſecrated to the Sun entered the temple almoſt as ſoon as born, and never came out till the day of their marriage.

In the midſt of this horrible deſolation, I know not by what happy chance I have preſerved my *Quipos*. I have them in poſſeſſion, my dear *Aza*; they are the treaſure of my heart, as they ſerve to interpret both thy love and mine: the ſame knots which ſhall inform thee of my exiſtence, changing their form under thy hands, will inſtruct me alſo in my deſtiny. Alas! by what way ſhall I convey them to thee? By what addreſs can they be reſtor'd to me again? I am ignorant at preſent: but the ſame underſtanding, which taught us their uſe, will ſuggeſt to us the means to deceive our tyrants. Whoever the faithful *Chaqui* * may be that ſhall bring thee this precious depoſit, I ſhall envy his happineſs. He will ſee thee, my dear *Aza*; and

* Meſſenger.

and I would give all the days allotted me by the ſun to enjoy thy preſence one moment.

LETTER II.

MAY the tree of virtue, my dear *Aza*, for ever ſpread its ſhadow over the pious citizen who received under my window the myſterious tiſſue of my thoughts, and delivered it into thy hands. May *Pacha-Camac* * prolong his years, as the recompence of his addreſs in conveying to me divine pleaſures with thy anſwer.

The treaſures of love are open to me; I draw from thence a delicious joy that inebriates my ſoul. While I unravel

* The Creator God, more powerful than the Sun.

unravel the ſecrets of thy heart, my own bathes itſelf in a ſea of perfumes. Thou liveſt, and the chains that were to unite us are not broken. So much felicity was the object of my deſires, but not of my hopes.

Whilſt I abandoned all thought of myſelf, my fears for thee deprived me of all pleaſure. Thou reſtoreſt to me all that I had loſt. I taſte long draughts of the ſweet ſatisfaction of pleaſing thee, of being praiſed by thee, of being approved by him I love. But, dear *Aza*, while I ſwim in theſe delights, I do not forget that I owe to thee what I am. As the roſe draws his brilliant colours from the rays of the ſun, ſo the charms which pleaſe thee in my ſpirit and ſentiments are the benefits of thy luminous genius; nothing is mine, but my tenderneſs.

If

If thou hadſt been an ordinary man, I had remained in that nothingneſs, to which my ſex is condemned; but thou, not the ſlave of cuſtom, haſt broken the barrier, in order to elevate me to thyſelf. Thou didſt not ſuffer a being like thy own to be confined to the humble advantage of only giving life to thy poſterity: it was thy pleaſure that our divine *Amutas* * ſhould adorn my underſtanding with their ſublime intelligences. But O light of my life, could I have reſolved to abandon my tranquil ignorance, and engage in the painful occupation of ſtudy, had it not been for the deſire of pleaſing thee? Without a deſire to merit thy eſteem, thy confidence, thy reſpect, by virtues which fortify love, and which love renders voluptuous, I had been only the

* *Indian* Philoſophers.

the object of thy eyes; abſence would already have effaced me out of thy remembrance.

But, alas! if thou loveſt me ſtill, why am I in ſlavery? Caſting a look upon the walls of my priſon, my joy diſappears, horror ſeizes me, and my fears are renew'd. They have not robbed thee of liberty, yet thou comeſt not to my ſuccour: Thou haſt been informed of my ſituation, and it is not changed. No, my dear *Aza*, among thoſe ſavage people, whom thou calleſt *Spaniards*, thou art not ſo free as thou imagineſt thyſelf. I behold as many ſigns of ſlavery in the honours which they render thee, as in my own captivity.

Thy goodneſs ſeduces thee; thou thinkeſt the promiſes, which thoſe barbarians make thee by their interpreters,

ters, ſincere, becauſe thy own words are inviolable; but I, who underſtand not their language, whom they think not worthy to be deceived, behold their actions.

Thy ſubjects take them for gods, and join their party. O my dear *Aza*, wretched the people who are determined by fear! Extricate thyſelf from thy error, and ſuſpect the falſe goodneſs of theſe foreigners. Abandon thy empire, ſince the *Inca Viracocha* * has predicted its deſtruction.

Redeem thy life and thy liberty at the price of thy power, thy grandure, and thy treaſures: the gifts of nature

* *Virachoca* was looked upon as a God, and the *Indians* firmly believe that at his death he predicted that the *Spaniards* ſhould dethrone one of his deſcendants.

ture alone will then remain to thee, and our days ſhall paſs in ſafety.

Rich in the poſſeſſion of our hearts, great by our virtues, powerful by our moderation, we ſhall in a cottage enjoy the heaven, the earth, and our mutual tenderneſs.

Thou wilt be more a king in reigning over my ſoul, than in doubting of the affection of a people without number: my ſubmiſſion to thy will ſhall cauſe thee to enjoy, without tyranny, the undiſputed right of commanding. While I obey thee, I will make thy empire reſound with my joyous ſongs; thy diadem † ſhall be always the work of my hands, and thou ſhalt loſe nothing of royalty but the cares and fatigues.

How often, dear ſoul of my life, haſt

† The diadem of the *Inca*'s was a kind of fringe, wrought by the virgins of the Sun.

haſt thou complained of the duties of thy rank? How have the ceremonies, which accompanied thy viſits, made thee envy the lot of thy ſubjects? Thy wiſh was, to live for me only: art thou now afraid to loſe ſo many conſtraints? Shall I be no more that *Zilia*, whom thou preferred'ſt to thy empire? I cannot entertain the thought: my heart is not changed, and why ſhould there be a change in thine?

I love; the ſame *Aza* who reign'd in my heart the firſt moment I ſaw him, is for ever before me: continually do my thoughts recall that happy day, when thy father, my ſovereign lord, gave thee for the firſt time a ſhare of that power, reſerved for him only, of entering the inner part of the temple *. Fancy ſtill figures to

* The reigning *Inca* alone has a right to enter into the temple of the Sun.

to me the agreeable ſpectacle of our virgins, who, being there aſſembled, received a new luſtre from the admirable order that reigns among them: ſo in a garden we ſee the arrangement of the fineſt flowers add a brilliancy to their beauty.

Thou appeared'ſt in the midſt of us like a riſing ſun, whoſe tender light prepares the ſerenity of a fine day: the fire of thy eyes overſpread our cheeks with the bluſhes of modeſty, and our looks were held captive in ſweet confuſion: thy eyes, at the ſame time, ſhot forth a brilliant joy, for never before had they met ſo many beauties together. The *Capa-Inca* was the only man we had till then ſeen. Aſtoniſhment and ſilence reigned on every ſide. I know not what were the thoughts of my companions: but the ſentiments that attack'd my own heart

who can expreſs? For the firſt time I had the united ſenſe of trouble, inquietude, and pleaſure. Confuſed with the agitations of my ſoul, I was going to hide myſelf from thy ſight: but thou turned'ſt thy ſteps towards me, and I was retained by reſpect. O my dear *Aza*, the remembrance of this firſt moment of my happineſs will be always dear to me. The ſound of thy voice, like the melodious chanting of our hymns, convey'd into my veins that ſoft tremor, and holy reſpect, which is inſpired by the preſence of the divinity.

Trembling, diſmay'd, my timidity had taken from me even the uſe of my ſpeech: but, embolden'd at laſt by the ſoftneſs of thy words, I dared to lift up my looks towards thee, and meet thine. No, death itſelf ſhall never efface from my memory the tender

movements of our ſouls at this meeting, and how in an inſtant they were blended together.

If we could doubt of our original, my dear *Aza*, this glance of light would have deſtroy'd our uncertainty. What other principle, but that of fire, could have tranſmitted betwixt us this lively intelligence of hearts, which was communicated, ſpread and felt with an inexplicable rapidity?

I was too ignorant of the effects of love, not to be deceived by it. With an imagination full of the ſublime theology of our *Cucipatas* *, I took the fire which animated me for a divine agitation; I thought the Sun had manifeſted to me his will by thee his organ, that he choſe me for his ſelected ſpouſe! I ſigh'd in rapture;——but after thy departure, examining

* Prieſts of the Sun.

mining my heart, I found there nothing but thy image.

What a change, my dear *Aza*, did they preſence make in me! All objects appeared to me new, and it ſeemed as if I now ſaw my fellow virgins the firſt time. How did their beauty brighten! I could not bear their preſence, but, retiring aſide, gave way to the anxiety of my ſoul, when one of them came to waken me out of my reverie, by giving me freſh matter to heighten it: ſhe informed me, that, being thy neareſt relation, I was deſtined to be thy wife as ſoon as my age would permit that union.

I was ignorant of the laws of thy empire *; but, after I had ſeen thee, my heart was too much enlightened not

* The laws of the *Indians* obliged the *Inca's* to marry their ſiſters, and, when they had none, to take the firſt princeſs of the blood of the *Incas* that was a virgin of the Sun.

not to have the idea of happineſs in an union with thee. Far, however, from knowing the whole extent of this union, and accuſtomed to the ſacred name of ſpouſe of the Sun, my hopes were bounded to the ſeeing of thee daily, the adoring of thee, and offering my vows to thee, as to that divinity.

Thou, my amiable *Aza*, thou thyſelf filled'ſt up the meaſure of my delight, by informing me that the auguſt rank of thy wife would aſſociate me to thy heart, to thy throne, to thy glory, to thy virtues; that I ſhould inceſſantly enjoy thoſe ſo precious converſations, thoſe converſations ſo ſhort in proportion to our deſires, which would adorn my mind with the perfections of thy ſoul, and add to my felicity the delicious hope of being hereafter a happineſs to thee.

O my dear *Aza*, how flattering to my heart was that impatience of thine, ſo often expreſſed on account of my youth, which retarded our union! How long did the courſe of two years appear to thee, and yet how ſhort was their duration! Alas! the fortunate moment was arrived! What fatality rendered it ſo woeful? What God was it who puniſhed innocence and virtue in this manner? or, what infernal power ſeparated us from ourſelves? Horror ſeizes me,— my heart is rent, —my tears bedew my work. *Aza!* my dear *Aza!*

LETTER III.

IT is thou, dear light of my life, it is thou who calleſt me back to life. Would I preſerve it, if I was not

not ſure that death, by a ſingle ſtroke, would mow down thy days and mine? I touched the moment in which the ſpark of divine fire, wherewith the ſun animates our being, was going to expire. Laborious nature was already preparing to give another form to that portion of matter which belong'd to her in me: I was dying; thou waſt loſing for ever half of thyſelf, when my love reſtored my life, which I now ſacrifice to thee. But how can I inform thee of the ſurpriſing things that have happened to me? How ſhall I call back ideas that were confuſed even when I received them, and which the time that is ſince paſſed renders ſtill leſs intelligible?

Scarcely, my dear *Aza*, had I entruſted our faithful *Chaqui* with the laſt tiſſue of my thoughts, when I heard a great motion in our habitation:

tion: about midnight two of my raviſhers came to hurry me out of my gloomy retreat, with as much violence as they had employ'd in ſnatching me from the temple of the Sun.

Tho' the night was very dark, they made me travel ſo far, that, ſinking under the fatigue, they were obliged to carry me into a houſe, which I could perceive, notwithſtanding the obſcurity, it was exceeding difficult to get to.

I was thruſt into a place more ſtrait and inconvenient than my priſon had been. Ah, my dear *Aza*! could I perſuade thee of what I do not comprehend myſelf, if thou wert not aſſured that a lye never ſullied the lips of a child of the Sun?*

* It paſſes for certain that no *Peruvian* ever lied.

This houſe, which I judged to be very great by the quantity of people it contained, was not fixed to the ground, but being as it were ſuſpended, kept in a continual balancing motion.

O light of my mind, *Ticaiviracocha* ſhould have filled my ſoul like thine with his divine ſcience, to have enabled me to comprehend this prodigy. All that I know of it is, that this dwelling was not built by a being friendly to mankind: for ſome moments after I had entered it, the continual motion of it, joined to a noxious ſmell, made me ſo violently ill, that I am ſurprized I did not die of the malady. This was the beginning only of my pains.

A pretty long time paſſed, and I had no conſiderable ſuffering, when one morning I was frighted out of ſleep by

by a noiſe more hideous than that of *Yalpa*. Our habitation received ſuch ſhocks as the earth will experience, when the moon by her fall ſhall reduce the univerſe to duſt.* The cries of human voices, joined to this wild uproar, render'd it ſtill more frightful. My ſenſes, ſeized with a ſecret horror, conveyed to my ſoul nothing but the idea of deſtruction, not of myſelf only, but of whole nature. I thought the peril univerſal; I trembled for thy life: my dread grew at laſt to the utmoſt exceſs, when I ſaw a company of men in fury, with bloody countenances and cloaths, ruſh tumultuouſly into my chamber. I could not ſupport the terrible ſpectacle; my ſtrength and underſtanding left me: ſtill am I ignorant of the conſequence

* The *Indians* believe that the end of the world will be brought about by the fall of the moon upon the earth.

of this terrible event. But when I recovered, I found myſelf in a pretty handſome bed, ſurrounded by ſeveral ſavages, who were not, however, any of the cruel *Spaniards*.

Canſt thou imagine to thyſelf my ſurprize, when I found myſelf in a new dwelling, among new men, without being able to comprehend how this change could be brought about? I ſhut my eyes, the better to recollect myſelf, and be aſſured whether I was alive, or whether my ſoul had not quitted my body to paſs into unknown regions.*

I confeſs to thee, dear idol of my heart, that, fatigued with an odious life, diſhearten'd at ſuffering torments of every kind, preſs'd down under the weight of my horrible deſtiny, I regarded

* The *Indians* believe that the ſoul, after death, goes into unknown places, to be there recompenſed or puniſhed according to its deſerts.

regarded with indifference the end of my being which I felt approaching: I conſtantly refuſed all the ſuſtenance that was offered me, and in a few days was on the verge of the fatal term, which I perceived without regret.

The decay of my ſtrength annihilated my ſentiment: already my enfeebled imagination received no images but like thoſe of a ſlight deſign traced by a trembling hand; already the objects which had moſt affected me, excited in me only that vague ſenſation which we feel when we indulge to an indeterminate reverie: almoſt I was no more. This ſtate, my dear *Aza*, is not ſo uneaſy as it is thought. At a diſtance it frightens us, becauſe we think of it with all our powers: when it is arrived, enfeebled by the gradations of pain

which conduct us to it, the decisive moment appear only as the moment of repose. A natural propensity which carries us towards futurity, even that futurity which will never exist for us, reanimated my spirit, and transported it into thy palace. I thought I arrived there at the instant when thou hadst received the news of my death. I represented to myself thy pale disfigur'd image, such as a lily appears when scorch'd by the burning heat of noon. Is the most tender love then sometimes barbarous? I rejoiced at thy grief, and excited it by sorrowful adieus. I found a sweetness, perhaps a pleasure, in diffusing the poison of regret over thy days; and the same love which render'd me cruel, tore my heart by the horror of thy pains. At last, awaken'd as from a profound sleep, penetrated with thy agony, trembling

trembling for thy life, I called for help, and again beheld the light.

Shall I ſee thee again, thee, the dear arbiter of my exiſtence? Alas! who can aſſure me of it. I know not where I am: perhaps it is far diſtant from thee! But ſhould we be ſeparated by the immenſe ſpaces inhabited by the children of the Sun, the light cloud of my thoughts ſhall hover inceſſantly about thee.

LETTER IV.

WHATEVER the love of life be, my dear *Aza*, pains diminiſh, deſpair extinguiſhes it. The contempt in which nature ſeems to hold our being, by abandoning it to deſpair, ſhocks us at firſt: afterwards, the impoſſibility of working our

deliverance proves ſuch an humbling circumſtance, that it leads us to a diſguſt of ourſelves.

I live no longer in, nor for, myſelf: every inſtant in which I breathe, is a ſacrifice which I make to thy love, and from day to day it becomes more painful. If time brings ſome ſolace to the ills that conſume me, far from clearing up my fortune, it ſeems to render it more obſcure. All that ſurrounds me is unknown, all is new, all engages my curioſity, and nothing can ſatisfy it. In vain I employ my attention and efforts to underſtand or be underſtood; both are equally impoſſible to me. Wearied with ſo many fruitleſs pains, I thought to dry up the ſource of them, by depriving my eyes of the impreſſions they receive from objects. I perſiſted for ſome time in keeping them ſhut: but the voluntary

voluntary darkneſs, to which I condemned myſelf, ſerved only to relieve my modeſty: offended continually at the preſence of theſe men, whoſe ſervices and kindneſſes are ſo many torments, my ſoul was not the leſs agitated: ſhut up in myſelf, my inquietudes were not the leſs ſharp, and the deſire to expreſs them was the more violent. On the other hand, the impoſſibility of making myſelf underſtood, ſpread an anguiſh over my organs, which is not leſs inſupportable then the pains which a more apparent reality would cauſe. How cruel is this ſituation?

Alas! I thought I had begun to underſtand ſome words of the ſavage *Spaniards*; I found ſome agreement with our auguſt language; I flattered myſelf that in a ſhort time I ſhould come to explain myſelf with them. Far from finding the ſame advantage

among my new tyrants, they expreſs themſelves with ſo much rapidity that I cannot even diſtinguiſh the inflexions of their voice. All circumſtances make me judge that they are not of the ſame nation; and by the difference of their manners and apparent character, one eaſily divines that *Pachacamac* has diſtributed to them in great diſproportion the elements of which he formed human kind. The grave and fierce air of the firſt ſhews that they are compoſed of the matter of the hardeſt metals: theſe ſeem to have ſlip'd out of the hands of the creator the moment he had collected together only air and fire for their formation. The ſcornful eyes, the gloomy and tranquil mein of the former, ſhewed ſufficiently that they were cruel in cold blood; which the inhumanity of their actions has too well proved. The ſmiling

countenance

countenance of the latter, the ſweetneſs of their looks, a certain haſte in all their actions, which ſeems to be a haſte of good-will, prevents me in their favour; but I remark contradictions in their conduct, which ſuſpends my judgment.

Two of theſe ſavages ſeldom quit the ſides of my bed: one, which I gueſs to be the *Cacique** by his air of grandure, ſeems to ſhew me, in his way, a great deal of reſpect: the other gives me part of the aſſiſtance which my malady requires; but his goodneſs is ſevere, his ſuccours are cruel, and his familiarity imperious.

The moment when, recovered from my fit, I found myſelf in their power, this latter (for I have obſerved him well) more bold than the reſt, would

* *Cacique* is a kind of governor of a province.

would take me by the hand, which I drew away with inexpreſſible confuſion. He ſeemed to be ſurpriz'd at my reſiſtance, and, without any regard to my modeſty, took hold of it again immediately. Feeble, dying, and ſpeaking only ſuch words as were not underſtood, could I hinder him? He held it, my dear *Aza*, as long as he thought proper; and ſince that time, I am obliged to give it him myſelf ſeveral times every day, in order to avoid ſuch diſputes as always turn to my diſadvantage.

This kind of ceremony* ſeems to me a ſuperſtition of theſe people: they imagine they find ſomething there which indicates the nature of a diſtemper; but it muſt doubtleſs be their own nation that feel the effects of it: for I perceive none; I ſuffer continually

* The *Indians* have no knowledge of phyſick.

continually by an inward fire that conſumes me, and have ſcarce ſtrength enough left to knot my *Quipos*. In this occupation I employ as much time as my weakneſs will permit me: the knots, which ſtrike my ſenſes, ſeem to give more reality to my thoughts: the kind of reſemblance which I imagine they have with words, cauſes an illuſion which deceives my pain: I think I ſpeak to thee, tell thee of my love, aſſure thee of my vows and my tenderneſs: the ſweet error is my ſupport, and my life. If the exceſs of my burthen obliges me to interrupt my work, I groan at thy abſence. Given up thus intirely to my tenderneſs, there is not one of my moments which belongs not to thee.

Alas! what other uſe can I make of them? O my dear *Aza!* if thou wert not the maſter of my ſoul; if

the

the chains of love did not bind me inſeparably to thee; plunged in an abyſs of obſcurity, could I turn my thoughts away from the light of my life? Thou are the ſun of my days; thou enlighteneſt them; thou prolongeſt them, and they are thine. Thou cheriſheſt me, and I ſuffer myſelf to live. What wilt thou do for me? Thou loveſt me, and I have my reward.

LETTER V.

WHAT have I ſuffered, my dear *Aza*, ſince I conſecrated to thee my laſt knots! The loſs of my *Quipos* was yet wanting to compleat my pains: but when my officious perſecutors perceived that work to augment

augment my diſorder, they deprived me of the uſe of them.

At laſt they have reſtored to me the treaſure of my tenderneſs; but with many tears did I purchaſe it. Only this expreſſion of my ſentiments had I remaining, the mere ſorrowful conſolation of painting my grief to thee: and could I loſe it, and not deſpair?

My ſtrange deſtiny has ſnatch'd from me even the relief which the unhappy find in ſpeaking of their pains. One is apt to think there is pity when one is heard, and from the participation of ſorrow ariſes ſome comfort: I cannot make myſelf underſtood, and am ſurrounded with gaiety.

I cannot even enjoy that new kind of entertainment to which the inability of communicating my thoughts reduces me. Environ'd with importunate perſons, whoſe attentive looks diſturb the

the ſolicitude of my ſoul; I forget the faireſt preſent which nature has made us, the power to render our ideas impenetrable without the concurrence of our will. I am ſometimes afraid that theſe curious ſavages diſcover the diſadvantageous reflexions with which I am inſpired by the odneſs of their conduct.

One moment deſtroys the opinion which another had given me of their character: for if I am ſway'd by the frequent oppoſition of their wills to mine, I cannot doubt but they believe me their ſlave, and that their power is tyrannical.

Not to reckon up an infinite number of other contradictions, they refuſe me, my dear *Aza*, even the neceſſary aliments for the ſuſtenance of life, and the liberty of chuſing what place I would lie in: they keep me,

me, by a kind of violence, in the bed which is become inſupportable to me.

On the other ſide, if I reflect on the extreme concern they have ſhewn for the preſervation of my days, and the reſpect with which the ſervices they render me are accompanied; I am tempted to believe that they take me for a ſpecies ſuperior to human-kind.

Not one of them appears before me without bending his body more or leſs, as we uſed to do in worſhipping the Sun. The *Cacique* ſeems to attempt to imitate the ceremonial of the *Incas* on the days of *Raymi**: he kneels down very nigh my bed-ſide, and continues a conſiderable time in that painful poſture: ſometimes he keeps ſilent,

* The *Raymi* was the principal feaſt of the Sun, when the *Incas* and prieſts adored him on their knees.

ſilent, and, with his eyes caſt down, ſeems to think profoundly : I ſee in his countenance that reſpectful confuſion which the great name* inſpires us with when ſpoken aloud. If he finds an opportunity of taking hold of my hand, he puts his mouth to it with the ſame veneration that we have for the ſacred diadem.* Sometimes he utters a great number of words, which are not at all like the ordinary language of his nation : the ſound of them is more ſoft, more diſtinct, and more harmonious. He joins to this that air of concern which is the forerunner of tears, thoſe ſighs which expreſs the neceſſities of the ſoul, the moſt

* The great name was *Pachacamac*, which they ſpoke but ſeldom, and always with great ſigns of adoration.

* They kiſſed the diadem of *Mancocapac* in the ſame manner as the Roman Catholicks kiſs the relicks of their ſaints.

moſt plaintive action, and all that uſually accompanies the deſire of attaining favours! Alas! my dear *Aza*, if he knew me well, if he was not in ſome error with regard to my being, what prayer could he have to addreſs to me?

Muſt they not be an idolatrous nation? I have not yet ſeen any adoration paid by them to the Sun: perhaps they make women the object of their worſhip. Before the great *Manco-capac** brought down to earth the will of the Sun, our anceſtors deified whatever ſtruck them with dread or pleaſure: perhaps theſe ſavages feel theſe two ſentiments with regard to women.

But, if they adored me, would they add to my misfortunes the hideous conſtraint in which they keep me?

* The firſt Legiſlator of the *Indians*. See the hiſtory of the *Incas*.

me? No; they would endeavour to pleaſe me; they would obey the tokens of my will: I ſhould be free, and releaſed from this odious habitation: I ſhould go in ſearch of the maſter of my ſoul, one of whoſe looks would efface the memory of all theſe misfortunes.

LETTER VI.

WHAT an horrible ſurprize, my dear *Aza!* how are our woes augmented! how deplorable is our condition! our evils are without remedy: I have only to tell thee of them, and to die.

At laſt they have permitted me to get up, and with haſte I availed myſelf of the liberty. I drew myſelf to a ſmall window, which I opened with all the precipitation that my curioſity inſpired. What did I ſee? Dear love

of

of my life, I ſhall not find expreſſions to paint the exceſs of my aſtoniſhment, and the mortal deſpair that ſeized me, when I diſcovered round me nothing but that terrible element, the very ſight of which makes me tremble.

My firſt glance did but too well inform me what occaſioned the troubleſome motion of our dwelling. I am in one of thoſe floating houſes which the *Spaniards* made uſe of to arrive at our unhappy countries, and of which a very imperfect deſcription had been given me.

Conceive, dear *Aza*, what diſmal ideas entered my ſoul with this fatal knowledge. I am certain that they are carrying me from thee: I breathe no more the ſame air, nor do I inhabit the ſame element. Thou wilt ever be ignorant where I am, whether

I love thee, whether I exiſt; even the deſtruction of my being will not appear an event conſiderable enough to be carried to thee. Dear arbiter of my days, of what value will my life be to thee hereafter? Permit me to render to the divinity an inſupportable benefit, which I can no more enjoy: I ſhall not ſee thee again, and I will live no longer.

In loſing what I love, the univerſe is annihilated to me: it is now nothing but a vaſt deſart, which I fill with the cries of my love. Hear them, dear object of my tenderneſs, be touched with them, and ſuffer me to die.

What error ſeduces me? My dear *Aza*, it is not thou that makeſt me live: it is timid nature, which ſhuddering with horror, lends this voice, more powerful than its own, to retard an end which to her is always formidable: —

dable: — but 'tis over, — the moſt ready means ſhall deliver me from her regrets. ——

Let the ſea for ever ſwallow up in its waves my unhappy tenderneſs, my life, and my deſpair. ——

Receive, moſt unfortunate *Aza*, receive the laſt ſentiments of my heart, which never admitted but thy image, was willing to live but for thee, and dies full of thy love. I love thee, I think it, I feel it ſtill, and I tell it thee for the laſt time ——

LETTER VII.

AZA, thou haſt not loſt all: I breathe, and thou reigneſt ſtill in one heart. The vigilance of thoſe who watch me defeated my fatal deſign, and I have only the ſhame left of

of having attempted its execution. It would be too long to inform thee of the circumſtances of an enterprize deſtroy'd as ſoon as projected. Should I have dared ever to lift up my eyes to thee, if thou had been a witneſs of my paſſion?

My reaſon, ſubjected to deſpair, was no longer a ſuccour to me: my life ſeemed to me worth nothing: I had forgot thy love.

How cruel is a cool temper after fury! how different are the points of ſight on the ſame objects! In the horror of deſpair ferocity is taken for courage, and the fear of ſuffering for firmneſs of mind. Let a look, a ſurprize call us back to ourſelves, and we find that weakneſs only was the principle of our heroiſm; that repentance is the fruit of it, and contempt the recompence.

The

The knowledge of my fault is the moſt ſevere puniſhment of it. Abandon'd to the bitterneſs of repentance, buried under the veil of ſhame, I hold myſelf at a diſtance, and fear that my body occupies too much ſpace: I would hide it from the light: my tears flow in abundance; my grief is calm, not a ſigh exhales, tho' I am quite given up to it. Can I do too much to expiate my crime? It was againſt thee.

In vain, for two days together, theſe beneficent ſavages have endeavoured to make me a partaker of the joy that tranſports them. I am in continual doubt what can be the cauſe of this joy; but, even if I knew it better, I ſhould not think myſelf worthy to ſhare in their feſtivals. Their dances, their jovial exclama-

tions, a red liquor like *Mays**, of which they drink abundantly, their eagerneſs to view the ſun where-ever they can perceive him, would fully convince me that their rejoicings were in honour of that divine luminary, if the conduct of the *Cacique* was conformable to that of the reſt.

But, far from taking part in the public joy, ſince the fault I committed, he intereſts himſelf only in my ſorrow. His zeal is more reſpectful, his cares are more aſſiduous, and his attention is more exact and curious.

He underſtood that the continual preſence of the ſavages of his train about me, was an addition to my affliction; he has delivered me from their

* *Mays* is a plant which the *Indians* make a very ſtrong and ſalutary drink, which they offer to the Sun on feſtival days, and get drunk with after the ſacrifice is over. *See Hiſtory of the Incas.* Vol. II.

their troubleſome regards, and I have now ſcarcely any but his to ſupport.

Wouldſt thou believe it, my dear *Aza?* There are ſome moments in which I feel a kind of ſweetneſs in theſe mute dialogues: the fire of his eyes recalls to my mind the image of that which I have ſeen in thine: the ſimilitude is ſuch that it ſeduces my heart. Alas that this illuſion is tranſient, and that the regrets which follow it are durable! They will end only with my life, ſince I live for thee alone.

LETTER VIII.

WHEN a ſingle object unites all our thoughts, my dear *Aza*, we intereſt ourſelves no farther in events than as we find them aſſi-

milated to our own caſe. If thou waſt not the ſole mover of my ſoul, could I have paſſed, as I have juſt done, from the horror of deſpair to the moſt flattering hope? The *Cacique* had before ſeveral times in vain attempted to entice me to that window, which I now cannot look at without ſhuddering: At laſt, prevailed on by freſh ſolicitations, I ſuffered myſelf to be conducted to it. Ah my dear *Aza*, how well was I recompenſed for my complaiſance!

By an incomprehenſible miracle, in making me look thro' a kind of hollow cane, he ſhewed me the earth at a diſtance; whereas, without the help of this wonderful machine, my eyes could not have reached it.

At the ſame time, he made me underſtand by ſigns, (which begin to grow familiar to me) that we were going

going to that land, and that the ſight of it was the only cauſe of thoſe rejoicings which I took for a ſacrifice to the Sun.

I was immediately ſenſible of all the benefit of this diſcovery: Hope, like a ray of light, glanced directly to the bottom of my heart.

They are certainly carrying me to this land which they have ſhewn me, and which is evidently a part of thy empire, ſince the Sun there ſheds his beneficent rays*. I am no longer in the fetters of the cruel *Spaniards*; who then ſhall hinder my returning under thy laws?

Yes, my dear *Aza*, I go to be reunited to what I love: my love, my reaſon, my deſires, all aſſure me of it. I fly into thy arms; a torrent

* The *Indians* know not our hemiſphere, and believe that the Sun enlightens only the land of his children.

of joy o'erflows my ſoul; the paſt is vaniſh'd; my misfortunes are ended, they are forgotten: Futurity alone employs me, and is my ſole good.

Aza, my dear hope, I have not loſt thee; I ſhall ſee thy countenance, thy robes, thy ſhadow: I ſhall love thee, and tell thee of it with my own mouth: Can any torments efface ſuch a felicity?

LETTER IX.

HOW long are the days, my dear *Aza*, when one computes their paſſage! Time, like ſpace, is known only by its limits. Our hopes ſeem to me the hopes of time; if they quit us, or are not diſtinctly marked, we perceive no more of their duration than

than of the air which fills the vaſt expanſe.

Ever ſince the fatal inſtant of our ſeparation, my heart and ſoul, worn with misfortune, continued ſunk in that total abſence, that oblivion which is the horror of nature, the image of nothing: The days paſſed away without my regarding them, for not a hope fix'd my attention to their length. But hope now marks every inſtant of them; their duration ſeems to me infinite; and what ſurprizes me moſt of all is, that, in recovering the tranquility of my ſpirit, I recover at the ſame time a facility of thinking.

Since my imagination has been opened to joy, a croud of thoughts preſent themſelves, and employ it even to fatigue: projects of pleaſure and happineſs ſucceed one another

alternately; new ideas find an eaſy reception, and ſome are even imprinted without my ſearch, and before I perceive it.

Within theſe two days, I underſtand ſeveral words of the *Cacique's* language, which I was not before acquainted with. But they are only terms applicable to objects, not expreſſive of my thoughts, nor ſufficient to make me underſtand thoſe of others: They give me ſome lights however, which were neceſſary for my ſatisfaction.

I know that the name of the *Cacique* is *Deterville*; that of our floating houſe, a *Ship*; and that of the country we are going, to *France*.

The latter at firſt frighten'd me, as I did not remember to have heard any province of thy kingdom called ſo: But reflecting on the infinite number

number of countries under thy dominion, the names of which I have forgot, my fear quickly vaniſhed. Could it long ſubſiſt with that ſolid confidence which the ſight of the Sun gives me inceſſantly? No, my dear *Aza*, that divine luminary enlightens only his children: To doubt this would be criminal in me: I am returning into thy empire; I am on the point of ſeeing thee; I run to my felicity.

Amidſt the tranſports of my joy, gratitude prepares me a delicious pleaſure: Thou wilt load with honour and riches the beneficent *Cacique* who ſhall reſtore us one to the other: he ſhall bear into his own country the remembrance of *Zilia*; the recompence of his virtue ſhall render him ſtill more virtuous, and his happineſs ſhall be thy glory.

Nothing can compare, my dear *Aza*, to the kindneſs he ſhews me. Far from treating me as his ſlave, he ſeems to be mine. He is now altogether as complaiſant to me, as he was contradictory during my ſickneſs. My perſon, my inquietudes, my amuſements, ſeem to make up his whole employment, and to engage all his care. I admit his offices with leſs confuſion, ſince cuſtom and reflexion have informed me that I was in an error with regard to the idolatry I ſuſpected him guilty of.

Not that he does not continue to repeat much the ſame demonſtrations which I took for worſhip: but the tone, the air, and manner he makes uſe of, perſuade me that it is only a diverſion in his country manner.

He begins by making me pronounce diſtinctly ſome words in his lan-

language, and he knows well that the Gods do not ſpeak. As ſoon as I have repeated after him, *oui, je vous aime, (yes, I love you)* or elſe, *je promets d'être a vous, (I promiſe to be yours)* joy expands over his countenance, he kiſſes my hands with tranſport, and with an air of gaiety quite contrary to that gravity which accompanies divine adoration.

Eaſy as I am on the head of religion, I am not quite ſo with regard to the country from whence he comes. His language and his apparel are ſo different from ours, that they ſometimes ſhock my confidence : uneaſy reflections ſometimes cloud over my dear hope ; I paſs ſucceſſively from fear to joy, and from joy to inquietude.

Fatigued with the confuſion of my thoughts, ſick of the uncertainties

that torment me, I had reſolved to think no more on the ſubject: But what can abate the movements of a ſoul deprived of all communication, that acts only on itſelf, and is excited to reflect by ſuch important intereſts? I cannot do it, my dear *Aza*; I ſearch for information with an eagerneſs that devours me, and yet continually find myſelf in the moſt profound obſcurity. I know that the privation of a ſenſe may in ſome reſpects deceive; and yet I ſee, with ſurprize, that the uſe of all mine drag me on from error to error. Would the intelligence of tongues be that of the ſoul? O my dear *Aza*, how many grievous truths do I ſee thro' my misfortunes! But far from me be theſe troubleſome thoughts: we touch the land: the light of my days ſhall in a moment

diſſipate

diſſipate the darkneſs which ſurrounds me.

LETTER X.

I Am at laſt arrived at this land, the object of my deſires: but, my dear *Aza*, I do not yet ſee any thing, that confers the happineſs I had promiſed myſelf: every object ſtrikes, ſurprizes, aſtoniſhes, and leaves on me only a vague impreſſion, and ſtupid perplexity, which I do not attempt to throw off. My errors deſtroy my judgment; I remain uncertain, and almoſt doubt of what I behold.

Scarce were we got out of the floating houſe, but we enter'd a town built on the ſea ſhore. The people, who followed us in crowds, appeared to

to be of the ſame nation as the *Cacique*, and the houſes did not at all reſemble thoſe of the cities of the Sun: but if theſe ſurpaſs in beauty, by the richneſs of their ornaments, thoſe are to be preferred, on account of the prodigies with which they are filled.

Upon entering the room aſſigned me by *Deterville*, my heart leap'd: I ſaw, fronting the door, a young perſon dreſſed like a virgin of the Sun, and ran to her with open arms. How great was my ſurprize to find nothing but an impenetrable reſiſtance, where I ſaw a human figure move in a very extended ſpace!

Aſtoniſhment held me immoveable, with my eyes fixed upon this object, when *Deterville* made me obſerve his own figure on the ſide of that which engaged all my attention: I touched him, I ſpoke to him, and I ſaw him

at

at the ſame time very near and very far from me.

Theſe prodigies confound reaſon, and blind the judgment. What ought we to think of the inhabitants of this country? Should we fear, or ſhould we love them? I will not take upon me to come to any determination upon the ſubject.

The *Cacique* made me underſtand, that the figure which I ſaw was my own! But what information does that give me? Does it make the wonder leſs great? Am I the leſs mortified to find nothing but error and ignorance in my mind? With grief I ſee it, my dear *Aza*; the leaſt knowing in this country are wiſer than all our *Amutas*.

The *Cacique* has given me a young and very ſprightly *China**, and

* A maid-ſervant, or chambermaid.

and it affords me great pleaſure to ſee a woman again, and to be ſerved by her. Many others of my ſex wait upon me; but I had rather they would let it alone, for their preſence awakens my fears. One may ſee, by their manner of looking on me, that they have never been at *Cuzco**. However, as my ſpirit floats continually in a ſea of incertainties, I can judge of nothing. My heart, alone unſhaken, deſires, expects, waits for one happineſs only, without which all the reſt is pain and vexation.

LETTER XI.

THO' I have taken all the pains in my power to gain ſome light with reſpect to my preſent ſituation,

* The Capital of *Peru*.

ſituation, I am no better informed at preſent than I was three days ago. All that I have been able to obſerve is, that the other ſavages of this country appear as good and as humane as the *Cacique*. They ſing and dance, as if they had lands to cultivate every day*. If I was to form a judgment from the oppoſition of their cuſtoms to thoſe of our nation, I ſhould not have the leaſt hope: but I remember that thy auguſt father ſubjected to his obedience provinces very remote, the people of which had nothing in common with us: Why may not this be one of thoſe provinces? The Sun ſeems pleaſed to enlighten it, and his beams are more bright and pure than I ever ſaw them. This inſpires me with confidence, and

* The lands in *Peru* are cultivated in common, and the days they are about this work are always days of rejoicing.

and I am uneaſy only to think how long it muſt be before I can be fully informed of what regards our intereſts: for, my dear *Aza*, I am very certain that the knowledge of the language of the country will be ſufficient to teach me the truth, and allay my inquietudes.

I let ſlip no opportunity of learning it, and avail myſelf of all the moments wherein *Deterville* leaves me at liberty, to take the inſtructions of my *China*. Little ſervice indeed they do me; for, as I cannot make her underſtand my thoughts, we can hold no converſation, and I learn only the names of ſuch objects as ſtrike both our ſights. The ſigns of the *Cacique* are ſometimes more uſeful to me: cuſtom has made it a kind of language betwixt us, which ſerves us at leaſt to expreſs our wills. He conducted

ducted me yeſterday into a houſe, where, without this knowledge, I ſhould have behaved very ill.

We entered into a larger and better-furniſhed apartment than that which I inhabit, and a great many people were there aſſembled. The general aſtoniſhment ſhewn at my appearance diſpleaſed me, and the exceſſive laughter which ſome young women endeavoured to ſtifle, but which burſt out again, when they caſt their eyes on me, gave me ſuch uneaſineſs of mind, that I ſhould have taken it for ſhame, if I could have found myſelf conſcious of any fault: but, finding nothing within but a repugnance to ſtay in ſuch company, I was going to return back, when I was detained by a ſign of *Detervile*.

I found that I ſhould commit a fault by going out, and I took great care

care not to deſerve the blame that was thrown on me without cauſe. As I fixed my attention, during my ſtay, upon thoſe women, I thought I diſcovered that the ſingularity of my dreſs occaſioned the ſurprize of ſome, and the laughter of others. I pitied their weakneſs, and endeavoured to perſuade them by my countenance, that my ſoul did not ſo much differ from theirs, as my habit differed from their ornaments.

A young man, whom I ſhould have taken for a *Curaca**, if he had not been dreſſed in black, came and took me by the hand with an affable air, and led me to a woman, whom, by her haughty mien, I took for the *Pallas*† of the country. He ſpoke ſeveral

* The *Curacas* were petty ſovereigns of a country, who had the privilege of wearing the ſame dreſs as the *Incas*.

† A general name of the *Indian* princeſſes.

ſeveral words to her, which I remember by having heard *Deterville* pronounce the ſame a thouſand times. *What a beauty! — What fine eyes!* anſwered another man, *ſhe has the graces and the ſhape of a nymph.*

Except the women, who ſaid nothing, they all repeated almoſt the ſame words: I do not yet know their ſignification; but ſurely they expreſs agreeable ideas, for the countenance is always ſmiling when they are pronounced.

The *Cacique* ſeems to be extremely well ſatisfied with what they ſay. He keeps cloſe to me, or, if he ſteps a little from me to ſpeak to any one, his eyes are conſtantly upon me, and he ſhews me by ſigns what I am to do. For my part, I obſerve him very attentively, as I would not offend againſt

againſt the cuſtoms of a nation which know ſo little of ours.

I believe, my dear *Aza*, I can ſcarcely make thee comprehend how extraordinary the manners of theſe ſavages appeared to me. They have ſo impatient a vivacity, that words do not ſuffice them for expreſſion, but they ſpeak as much by the motion of the body as by the ſound of the voice. What I ſee of their continual agitation, has fully convinced me how little importance there was in that behaviour of the *Cacique* which cauſed me ſo much uneaſineſs, and upon which I made ſo many falſe conjectures.

Yeſterday he kiſſed the hands of the *Pallas*, and of all the other women: nay, what I never ſaw before, he even kiſſed their cheeks. The men came to embrace him: ſome took him by the hand; others pulled him

him by the cloaths; all with a ſprightlineſs of which we have no idea.

To judge of their minds by the vivacity of their geſtures, I am ſure that our meaſur'd expreſſions, the ſublime compariſons which ſo naturally convey our tender ſentiments and affectionate thoughts, would to them appear inſipid. They would take our ſerious and modeſt air for ſtupidity, and the gravity of our gait for mere ſtiffneſs. Wouldſt thou believe it, my dear *Aza?* If thou wert here, I could be pleaſed to live amongſt them. A certain air of affability, ſpread over all they do, renders them amiable; and, if my ſoul was more happy, I ſhould find a pleaſure in the diverſity of objects that ſucceſſively paſs before my eyes: but the little reference they have to thee effaces the agreeableneſs

agreeableneſs of their novelty : thou alone art my good, and my pleaſure.

LETTER XII.

I Have been long, my dear *Aza*, without being able to beſtow a moment on my favourite occupation : yet I have a great many extraordinary things to teach thee, and avail myſelf of this firſt ſhort leiſure to begin thy information.

The next day after I had viſited the *Pallas*, *Deterville* cauſed a very fine habit, of the faſhion of the country, to be brought me. After my little *China* had put it on according to her fancy, ſhe led me to that ingenious machine which doubles objects. Tho' I ſhould be now habituated to its effects, I could not help being

being ſurprized at ſeeing my figure ſtand as if I was over againſt myſelf.

My new accoutrements did not diſpleaſe me. Perhaps I ſhould have more regretted thoſe which I left off, if they had not made every body troubleſome by their ſtaring at me.

The *Cacique* came into my chamber, juſt as the girl was adding ſome trinkets to my dreſs. He ſtopped at the door, and looked at me for ſome time without ſpeaking. So profound was his reverence, that he ſtept aſide to let the *China* go out, and put himſelf in her place without perceiving it. His eyes fix'd upon me, he examined all my perſon with ſuch a ſerious attention as a little diſcompoſed me, tho' I knew not his reaſon.

However, to ſhew him my acknowledgment for his new benefactions, I offered him my hand, and, not being

able to expreſs my ſentiments, I thought I could not ſay any thing more agreeable to him than ſome of thoſe words which he amuſed himſelf with teaching me to repeat: I endeavoured even to give them the ſame tone as he did in pronunciation.

What effect they inſtantaneouſly had on him I know not: but his eyes ſparkled, his cheeks redden'd, he approached me trembling, and ſeemed to have a mind to ſnatch me into his arms; then ſtopping ſuddenly he preſs'd my hand, and pronounced in a paſſionate tone — *No* — *reſpect* — *her virtue* — and many other words, which I underſtood no better than theſe. Then throwing himſelf upon his ſeat, on the other ſide of the room, he leaned his head upon his hand,

and

and ſat moping with all the tokens of afflictive pain.

I was alarmed at his condition, not doubting but I had occaſioned him ſome uneaſineſs: I drew near him to teſtify my repentance; but he gently puſhed me away without looking at me, and I did not dare ſay any thing more. I was in the greateſt confuſion when the ſervants came in to bring us victuals: he then roſe, and we eat together in our uſual manner, his pain ſeeming to have no other conſequence but a little ſorrow: yet he was not leſs kind and good to me, which ſeemed to me inconceivable.

I did not dare to lift up my eyes upon him, or make uſe of the ſigns which commonly ſerved us inſtead of converſation: but our meal was at a time ſo different from the uſual hour of repaſt, that I could not help ſhew-

ing ſome tokens of ſurprize. All that I could underſtand of his anſwer was, that we were ſoon to change our dwelling. In effect, the *Cacique*, after going in and out ſeveral times, came and took me by the hand. I let him lead me, ſtill muſing with myſelf on what had paſſed, and conſidering whether the change of our place was not a conſequence of it.

Scarce was I got without the outward door of the houſe before he helped me up a pretty high ſtep, and I advanc'd into a chamber, ſo low that one could not ſtand upright in it: but there was room enough for the *Cacique*, the *China*, and myſelf all to ſit at eaſe. This little apartment is agreeably furniſhed, has a window on each ſide that enlightens it ſufficiently; but it is not ſpacious enough to walk in.

While

While I was conſidering it with ſurprize, and endeavouring to divine what could be *Deterville*'s reaſon for ſhutting us up ſo cloſe (O my dear *Aza!* how familiar prodigies are in this country) I felt this machine, or hut, I know not what to call it, move and change its place. This motion made me think of the floating houſe. The *Cacique* ſaw me frightened, and, as he is attentive to my leaſt uneaſineſs, pacified me by making me look out of one of the windows. I ſaw, not without extreme ſurprize, that this machine, ſuſpended pretty near the earth, moved by a ſecret power which I did not comprehend.

Deterville then ſhew'd me that ſeveral *Hamas**, of a ſpecies unknown to us, went before us, and drew us

* A general name for beaſts.

after them. O light of my days! theſe people muſt have a genius more than human that enables them to invent things ſo uſeful and ſingular: but there muſt be alſo in this nation ſome great defects that moderate its power, otherwiſe it muſt needs be miſtreſs of the whole world.

For four days we were ſhut up in this wonderful machine, leaving it only at night to take our reſt in the firſt houſe we came to; and then I always quitted it with regret. I confeſs, my dear *Aza*, that, notwithſtanding my tender inquietudes, I have taſted pleaſures, during this journey, that were before unknown to me. Shut up in the temple from my moſt tender infancy, I was unacquainted with the beauties of the univerſe, and every thing that I ſee raviſhes and enchants me.

The

The immenſe fields, which are inceſſantly chang'd and renew'd, hurry on the attentive mind with more rapidity than we paſs over them.

The eyes, without being fatigued, rove at once over an infinite variety of admirable objects, and at the ſame time are at reſt. One ſeems to find no other bounds to the ſight than thoſe of the world itſelf; which error flatters us, gives us a ſatisfactory idea of our own grandure, and ſeems to bring us nearer to the creator of theſe wonders.

At the end of a fine day, the heavens preſent to us a ſpectacle not leſs admirable than that of the earth. Tranſparent clouds aſſembled round the ſun, tinctured with the moſt lively colours, ſhew us mountains of ſhade and light in every part, and the majeſtic diſorder attracts our admiration till we forget ourſelves.

The *Cacique* has had the complaiſance to let me every day ſtep out of the rolling hut, in order to contemplate at leiſure the wonders which he ſaw me admire.

How delicious are the woods, my dear *Aza*! If the beauties of heaven and earth tranſport us far from ourſelves by an involuntary rapture, thoſe of the foreſts bring us back again by an inward incomprehenſible bias, the ſecret of which is in nature only. When we enter theſe delightful places, an univerſal charm overflows all the ſenſes, and confounds their uſe. We think we ſee the cooling breeze before we feel it. The different ſhades in the colour of leaves, ſoften the light that penetrates them, and ſeems to ſtrike the ſentiment as ſoon as the ſight. An agreeable, but indeterminate odour, leaves it difficult for us to diſcern

cern whether it affects the taſte or the ſmell. Even the air, without being perceived, conveys to our eſſence a pure pleaſure, which ſeems to give us another ſenſe, tho' it does not mark out the organ of it.

O, my dear *Aza*! how would thy preſence embelliſh thoſe pure delights! how have I deſired to ſhare them with thee! The witneſs of my tender thoughts, I ſhould have made thee find, in the ſentiments of my heart, charms more powerful than all thoſe of the beauties of the univerſe.

LETTER XIII.

AT laſt, my dear *Aza*, I am got into a city called *Paris*: Our journey is at an end, but, accord-

ing to all appearances, ſo are not my troubles.

More attentive than ever, ſince my arrival here, to all that paſſes, my diſcoveries produce only torment, and preſage nothing but misfortunes. I find thy idea in the leaſt of my curious deſires, but cannot meet with it in any of the objects that I ſee.

As well as I can judge by the time we ſpent in paſſing thro' this city, and by the great number of inhabitants with whom the ſtreets are filled, it contains more people then could be got together in two or three of our countries.

I reflect on the wonders that have been told me of *Quito*, and endeavour to find here ſome ſtrokes of the picture which I conceive of that great city: But alas! what a difference?

This

This place contains bridges, rivers, trees, fields: it ſeems to be an univerſe, rather than a particular ſeat of habitation. I ſhould endeavour in vain to give thee a juſt idea of the height of the houſes. They are ſo prodigiouſly elevated, that it is more eaſy to believe nature produced them as they are, than to comprehend how men could build them.

Here it is that the family of the *Cacique* reſides. Their houſe is almoſt as magnificent as that of the Sun: the furniture and ſome parts of the walls are of gold, and the reſt is adorned with a various mixture of the fineſt colours, which prettily enough repreſent the beauties of nature.

At my arrival, *Deterville* made me underſtand that he was conducting me to his mother's apartment. We found

found her reclined upon a bed of almoſt the ſame form with that of the *Incas*, and of the ſame metal*. After having held out her hand to the *Cacique*, who kiſſed it bowing almoſt to the ground, ſhe embraced him; but with a kindneſs ſo cold, a joy ſo conſtrain'd, that, if previous information had not been given me, I ſhould not have known the ſentiments of nature in the careſſes of this mother.

After a moment's converſation, the *Cacique* made me draw near. She caſt on me a diſdainful look, and, without anſwering what her ſon ſaid to her, continued gravely to turn round her finger a thread, which hung to a ſmall piece of gold.

Deterville

* The beds, chairs, and tables of the *Incas* were of maſſy gold.

Deterville left us to go and meet a ſtately bulky man, who had advanced ſome ſteps towards him. He embraced both him, and another woman who was employ'd in the ſame manner as the *Pallas.*

As ſoon as the *Cacique* had appeared in the chamber, a young maiden, of about my age, ran to us, and followed him with a timid eagerneſs that ſeem'd remarkable. Joy ſhone upon her countenance, yet did not baniſh the marks of a ſorrow that ſeem'd to affect her. *Deterville* embraced her laſt, but with a tenderneſs ſo natural that my heart was moved at it. Alas! my dear *Aza*, what would our tranſports be, if, after ſo many misfortunes, fate ſhould reunite us?

During this time I kept near the *Pallas*, whom I durſt not quit, nor look

look up at*, out of reſpect. Some ſevere glances, which ſhe threw from time to time upon me, compleated my confuſion, and put me under a conſtraint that affected my very thoughts.

At laſt, the young damſel, as if ſhe had gueſs'd at my diſorder, as ſoon as ſhe had quitted *Deterville*, came and took me by the hand, and led me to a window where we both ſat down. Tho' I did not underſtand any thing ſhe ſaid to me, her eyes full of goodneſs ſpoke to me the univerſal language of beneficent hearts; they inſpired me with a confidence and friendſhip which I would willingly have expreſs'd to her; but, not being able to utter the ſentiments of my mind,

* Young damſels, tho' of the blood royal, ſhow a profound reſpect to married women.

mind, I pronounced all that I knew of her language.

She ſmiled more than once, looking on *Deterville* with the moſt tender ſweetneſs. I was pleaſing myſelf with this converſation, when the *Pallas* ſpoke ſome words aloud, looking ſternly on my new friend; whoſe countenance immediately falling, ſhe thruſt away my hand which ſhe before held in hers, and took no farther notice of me.

Some time after that, an old woman, of gloomy appearance, entered the room, went up towards the *Pallas*, then came and took me by the arm, led me to a chamber at the top of the houſe, and left me there alone.

Tho' this moment could not be eſteemed the moſt unfortunate of my life, yet, my dear *Azu*, I could not paſs it without much concern. I

expected, at the end of my journey, ſome relief to my fatigues, and that in the *Cacique*'s family I ſhould at leaſt meet with the ſame kindneſs as from him. The cold reception of the *Pallas*, the ſudden change of behaviour in the damſel, the rudeneſs of this woman in forcing me from a place where I had rather have ſtaid, the innattention of *Deterville*, who did not oppoſe the violence ſhewn me; in a word, all circumſtances, that might augment the pains of an unhappy ſoul, preſented themſelves at once with their moſt rueful aſpects! I thought myſelf abandon'd by all the world, and was bitterly deploring my diſmal deſtiny, when I beheld my *China* coming in. Her preſence, in my ſituation, ſeemed to me an eſſential good: I ran to her, embraced her with tears, and was more

melted

melted when I ſaw her touch'd with my affliction. When a mind is reduced to pity itſelf, the compaſſion of another is very valuable. The marks of this young woman's affection ſoftened my anguiſh: I related to her my griefs, as if ſhe could underſtand me: I asked her a thouſand queſtions, as if it had been in her power to anſwer them. Her tears ſpoke to my heart, and mine continued to flow, but with leſs bitterneſs than before.

I thought, at leaſt, that I ſhould ſee *Deterville* at the hour of refreſhment; but they brought me up victuals, and I ſaw him not. Since I have loſt thee, dear idol of my heart, this *Cacique* is the only human creature that has ſhewn me an uninterrupted courſe of goodneſs; ſo that the cuſtom of ſeeing him became a kind of neceſſity. His abſence redoubled my ſorrow.

ſorrow. After expecting him long in vain, I laid me down; but ſleep had not yet ſealed my eyes before I ſaw him enter my chamber, followed by the young woman whoſe brisk diſdain had ſo ſenſibly afflicted me.

She threw herſelf upon my bed, and by a thouſand careſſes ſeemed deſirous to repair the ill treatment ſhe had given me.

The *Cacique* ſat down by my bed-ſide, and ſeemed to receive as much pleaſure in ſeeing me again, as I enjoy'd in perceiving I was not abandon'd. They talked together with their eyes fixed on me, and heap'd on me the moſt tender marks of affection.

Inſenſibly their converſation became more ſerious. Tho' I did not underſtand their diſcourſe, it was eaſy for me to judge that it was

founded on confidence and friendſhip. I took care not to interrupt them: but, as ſoon as they returned to my bed-ſide, I endeavoured to obtain from the *Cacique* ſome light with regard to thoſe particulars which had appeared to me the moſt extraordinary ſince my arrival.

All that I could underſtand from his anſwers was, that the name of the young woman before me was *Celina*; that ſhe was his ſiſter; that the great man, whom I had ſeen in the chamber of the *Pallas*, was his elder brother, and the other young woman, that brother's wife.

Celina became more dear to me, when I underſtood ſhe was the *Cacique*'s ſiſter, and the company of both was ſo agreeable, that I did not perceive it was day-light before they left me.

After

After their departure, I ſpent the reſt of the time, deſtin'd to repoſe, in converſing with thee. This is my happineſs, my only joy: It is to thee alone, dear ſoul of my thoughts, that I unboſom my heart; thou ſhalt ever be the ſole depoſitary of my ſecrets, my tenderneſs, and my ſentiments.

LETTER XIV.

IF I did not continue, my dear *Aza*, to take from my ſleep the time that I give to thee, I ſhould no more enjoy thoſe delicious moments, in which I exiſt for thee only. They have made me reſume my virgin habits, and oblige me to remain all day in a room full of people, who are

are changed and renewed every moment without ſeeming to diminiſh.

This involuntary diſſipation, in ſpite of me, often ſeparates me from my tender thoughts: but if, for ſome moments, I loſe that lively attention which unites our hearts, I often find thee again in the advantageous compariſons I make of thee with whatever ſurrounds me.

In the different countries that I have paſſed thro', I have not ſeen any ſavages ſo haughtily familiar as theſe. The women, in particular, ſeem to have a kind of diſdainful civility that diſguſts human nature, and would perhaps inſpire me with as much contempt for them, as they ſhew for others, if I knew them better.

One of them cauſed an affront to be given me yeſterday, which ſtill afflicts me. Juſt when the aſſembly

was

was moſt numerous, after ſhe had been ſpeaking to ſeveral perſons without perceiving me; whether by chance, or that ſomebody made her take notice of me; as ſoon as ſhe caſt her eyes on me, ſhe burſt out a laughing, quitted her place precipitately, came to me, made me riſe, and, after having turned me backwards and forwards as often as her vivacity prompted, after having handled all the parts of my dreſs with a ſcrupulous attention, ſhe beckon'd to a young man to draw near, and began again with him the examination of my figure.

Tho' I ſhew'd a diſlike to the liberty which both of them took, as the richneſs of the woman's dreſs made me take her for a *Pallas*, and the magnificence of the young man, who was all over plated with gold, made him look

look like an *Anqui**, I dared not oppoſe their will: but this raſh ſavage, emboldened'd by the familiarity of the *Pallas*, and perhaps by my ſubmiſſion, having had the impudence to put his hand upon my neck, I puſh'd it away with a ſurprize and indignation that ſhew'd him I underſtood good manners better than himſelf.

Upon my crying out *Deterville* came up, and after he had ſpoke a few words to the young ſavage, the latter, clapping one hand upon his ſhoulder, ſet up ſuch a laugh as quite diſtorted his figure.

The *Cacique* diſengag'd himſelf, and, bluſhing, ſpoke to him in ſo cold a tone, that the young man's gaiety vaniſhed:

* A prince of the blood: there muſt be leave from an *Inca* for a *Peruvian* to wear gold upon his apparel, and the *Inca* gives this permiſſion only to the princes of the blood royal.

vaniſhed: he ſeemed to have no more to ſay, and retired without coming near us again.

O my dear *Aza*, what a reſpect do the manners of this country make me have for thoſe of the children of the Sun! How does the temerity of the young *Anqui* bring back to my mind thy tender reſpect, thy ſage reſerve, and the charms of decency that reigned in our converſations! I perceived it the firſt moment I ſaw thee, dear delight of my ſoul, and I ſhall think of it all the days of my life. Thou alone uniteſt in thyſelf all the perfections which nature has ſhed upon mankind; as my heart has collected within it all the ſentiments of tenderneſs and admiration that will attach me to thee till death.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

THE more I ſee the *Cacique* and his ſiſter, my dear *Aza*, the more trouble I have to perſuade myſelf that they are of this nation: they alone know what virtue is, and reſpect it.

The ſimple manners, the native goodneſs, and the modeſt gaiety of *Celina*, would make one think ſhe had been bred up among our virgins. The honeſt ſweetneſs, the ſerious tenderneſs of her brother, would eaſily perſuade me that he was born of the blood of the *Incas*. They both treat me with as much humanity as we ſhould ſhew them, if like misfortunes had brought them among us.

I do not doubt but the *Cacique* is a good tributary.*

He never enters my appartment but he makes me a preſent of ſome of the wonderful things with which this country abounds. Sometimes they are pieces of that machine which doubles objects, encloſed in little frames of curious matter. At other times he brings me little ſtones of ſurprizing luſtre, with which it is the cuſtom here to adorn almoſt all the parts of the body: they hang them to their ears, put them on the ſtomach, the neck, the ſhoes, which has all a very agreeable effect.

But what I am moſt amuſed with, are certain ſmall utenſils of a very hard

* The *Caciques* and *Curacas* were obliged to furniſh the dreſs and proviſions of the *Inca* and the queen. They never came into the preſence of either, without offering them ſome tribute of the curioſities of the province they commanded.

hard metal, and moſt ſingular uſe. Some are employ'd in the works which *Celina* teaches me to make: others, of a cutting form, ſerve to divide all ſorts of ſtuffs, of which we make as many bits as we pleaſe without trouble, and in a very diverting manner.

I have an infinite number of other rarities ſtill more extraordinary: which not being in uſe with us, I cannot find words in our tongue to give thee an idea of them.

I keep all theſe gifts carefully for thee, my dear *Aza*: beſides the pleaſure thy ſurprize will give me when thou ſeeſt them, they undoubtedly belong to thee. If the *Cacique* was not ſubject to thy obedience, would he pay me a tribute which he knows to be due only to thy ſupreme rank? The reſpect he has always ſhewn me,

made me think from the firſt that my birth was known to him; and the preſents he now honours me with convince me that he knows I am to be thy ſpouſe, ſince he treats me already as a *Mama Oella* *.

This conviction revives me, and calms a part of my inquietudes. I conceive that nothing is wanting, but the power of expreſſing myſelf, for me to be informed what are the *Cacique*'s reaſons for keeping me, and to determine him to deliver me into thy power: but, till that can be, I have a great many pains to ſuffer.

The humour of *Madame* (ſo they call *Deterville*'s mother) is not near ſo amiable as that of her children. Far from treating me with ſo much goodneſs, ſhe ſhews me on all occaſions

* This is the name the queens take when they aſcend the throne.

ſions a coldneſs and diſdain that mortifies me, tho' I can neither remedy nor diſcover the cauſe of it; and yet, by an oppoſition of ſentiments that I underſtand ſtill leſs, ſhe requires to have me continually with her.

This give me inſupportable torture; for conſtraint reigns wherever ſhe is, and it is only by ſtealth that *Celina* and her brother give me ſigns of their friendſhip. They do not themſelves dare to ſpeak freely before her: for which reaſon they ſpend part of the nights in my chamber, which is the only time we enjoy in peace the pleaſure of ſeeing one another. Tho' I cannot partake of their converſation, their preſence is always agreeable to me. It is not for want of care in either of them that I am not happy. Alas! my dear *Aza*, they are ignorant that I cannot bear to be remote

from thee, and that I do not think myſelf to live except when the remembrance of thee and my tenderneſs employ me entirely.

LETTER XVI.

I Have ſo few *Quipos* left, my dear *Aza*, that I ſcarce dare uſe them. When I would go to knotting them, the dread of ſeeing an end of them ſtops me; as if I could multiply by ſparing them. I am going to loſe the pleaſure of my ſoul, the ſupport of my life: nothing can relieve the weight of thy abſence, which muſt now weigh me down.

I taſted a delicate pleaſure in preſerving the remembrance of the moſt ſecret motions of my heart to offer thee its homage. My deſign was to preſerve

preſerve the memory of the principal cuſtoms of this ſingular nation, to amuſe thy leiſure with in more happy times. Alas! I have little hopes now left of executing my project.

If I find at preſent ſo much difficulty in putting my ideas into order, how ſhall I hereafter recall them without any foreign aſſiſtance? 'Tis true they offer me one; but the execution of it is ſo difficult, that I think it impoſſible.

The *Cacique* has brought me one of this country ſavages, who comes daily to give me leſſons in his tongue, and to ſhew me the method of giving a ſort of exiſtence to thoughts. This is done by drawing ſmall figures, which they call *Letters*, with a feather, upon a thin matter called *Paper*. Theſe figures have names, and thoſe

names put together repreſent the ſound of words. But theſe names and ſounds ſeem to me ſo little diſtinct from one another, that, if I do in time ſucceed in learning them, I am ſure it will not be without a great deal of pains. This poor ſavage takes an incredible deal to teach me, and I give myſelf more to learn: yet I make ſo little progreſs, that I would renounce the enterprize, if I knew any other way to inform myſelf of thy fate and mine.

There is no other, my dear *Aza*; therefore my whole delight is now in this new and ſingular ſtudy. I would live alone: all that I ſee diſpleaſes me, and the neceſſity impoſed on me of being always in *Madame*'s apartment gives me torment.

At firſt, by exciting the curioſity of others, I amuſed my own: but, where

where the eyes only are to be uſed, they are ſoon to be ſatisfied. All the women are alike, have ſtill the ſame manners, and I think they always ſpeak the ſame words. The appearances are more varied among the men; ſome of them look as if they thought: but, in general, I ſuſpect this nation not to be what it appears; for affectation ſeems to be its ruling character.

If the demonſtrations of zeal and earneſtneſs, with which the moſt trifling duties of ſociety are here graced, were natural, theſe people, my dear *Aza*, muſt certainly have in their hearts more goodneſs and humanity than ours: and who can think this poſſible.?

If they had as much ſerenity in the ſoul as upon the countenance, if the propenſity to joy which I remark in

all their actions, was ſincere, would they chuſe for their amuſement ſuch ſpectacles as they have carried me to ſee?

They conducted me into a place, where was repreſented, almoſt as in thy palace, the actions of men who are no * more. But as we revive only the memory of the moſt wiſe and virtuous, I believe only madmen and villains are repreſented here. Thoſe who perſonated them rav'd and ſtorm'd as if they were wild, and I ſaw one of them carry his fury ſo high as to kill himſelf. The fine women, whom ſeemingly they perſecuted, wept inceſſantly, and ſhew'd ſuch tokens of deſpair, that the words they made uſe

* The *Incas* cauſed a kind of comedies to be repreſented, the ſubjects of which were taken from the brighteſt actions of their predeceſſors.

uſe of were not neceſſary to ſhew the exceſs of their anguiſh.

Could one think, my dear *Aza*, that a whole people, whoſe outſide is ſo humane, ſhould be pleaſed at the repreſentation of thoſe misfortunes or crimes, which either overwhelmed or degraded creatures like themſelves?

But perhaps they have occaſion here for the horror of vice to conduct them to virtue. This thought ſtarts upon me unſought, and if it were true, how ſhould I pity ſuch a nation? Ours, more favour'd by nature, cheriſhes goodneſs for its own charms: we want only models of virtue to make us virtuous; as nothing is requiſite but to love thee in order to become amiable.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

I know not what farther to think of the genius of this nation, my dear *Aza*. It runs thro' the extremes with ſuch rapidity, that it requires more ability than I poſſeſs to ſit in judgment upon its character.

They have ſhewn me a ſpectacle intirely oppoſite to the former. That, cruel and frightful, made reaſon revolt, and humbled humanity: This, amuſing and agreeable, imitates nature, and does honour to good ſenſe. It was compoſed of a great many more men and women than the former: they repreſented alſo ſome actions of human life; but whether they expreſſed pain or pleaſure, joy or ſorrow,

ſorrow, the whole was done by ſongs and dances.

The intelligence of ſounds, my dear *Aza*, muſt be univerſal: for I found it no more difficult to be affected with the different paſſions that were repreſented, than if they had been expreſs'd in our language. This ſeems to me very natural.

Human ſpeech is doubtleſs of man's invention, becauſe it differs according to the difference of nations. Nature, more powerful, and more attentive to the neceſſities and pleaſures of her creatures, has given them general means of expreſſing them, which are well imitated by the ſongs I heard.

If it be true that ſharp ſounds expreſs better the need of help in violent fear, or acute pain, than words underſtood in one part of the world,

world, and which have no ſignification in another ; it is not leſs certain that tender ſighs ſtrike our hearts with a more efficacious compaſſion than words, the odd arrangement of which ſometimes produces juſt a contrary effect.

Do not lively and light ſounds inevitably excite in our ſoul that gay pleaſure, which the recital of a diverting ſtory, or a joke properly introduced, can but imperfectly raiſe?

Are there expreſſions in any language that can communicate genuine pleaſure with ſo much ſucceſs as the natural ſports of animals? Dancing ſeems an humble imitation of them, and inſpires much the ſame ſentiment.

In ſhort, my dear *Aza*, every thing in this laſt ſhow was conformable to nature and humanity. Can any

any benefit be conferred on man, equal to that of inſpiring him with joy?

I felt it myſelf, and was tranſported by it in ſpite of me, when I was interrupted by an accident that happen'd to *Celina*.

As we came out, we ſtep'd a little aſide from the croud, and lean'd on one another for fear of falling. *Deterville* was ſome paces before us leading his ſiſter-in-law; when a young ſavage, of an amiable figure, came up to *Celina*, whiſper'd a few words to her very low, gave her a bit of paper which ſhe ſcarce had ſtrength to take, and retired.

Celina, who was ſo frighten'd at his approach as to make me partake of her trembling, turned her head languiſhingly towards him when he quitted us. She ſeemed ſo weak,

that,

that, fearing ſhe was attack'd by ſome ſudden illneſs, I was going to call *Deterville* to her aſſiſtance: but ſhe ſtop'd me, and by putting her finger on her mouth, required me to be ſilent. I choſe rather to be uneaſy, than to diſobey her.

The ſame evening, when the brother and ſiſter came into my chamber, *Celina* ſhew'd the *Cacique* the paper ſhe had received. By the little I could gueſs at in their converſation, I ſhould have thought ſhe loved the young man who gave it her, if it had been poſſible for one to be frighten'd at the preſence of what one loves.

I have made other remarks, my dear *Aza*, which I would have imparted to thee: but alas! my *Quipos* are all uſed; the laſt threads are in my hands, and I am knotting the laſt

laſt knots. The knots, which ſeemed to me a chain of communication betwixt my heart and thine, are now only the ſorrowful objects of my regret. Illuſion quits me, frightful truth takes her place; my wandering thoughts, bewilder'd in the immenſe void of abſence, will hereafter be annihilated with the ſame rapidity as time. Dear *Aza*, they ſeem to ſeparate us once again, and ſnatch me afreſh from thy love. I loſe thee! I quit thee! I ſhall ſee thee no more! *Aza*, dear hope of my heart, how diſtant indeed are we now to be removed from each other!

LETTER XVIII.

HOW much of my time has been effaced, my dear *Aza!* The

The Sun has run half his courſe ſince I laſt enjoy'd the artificial happineſs of believing I converſed with thee. How tedious has this double abſence appeared! What courage did I want to ſupport it! I lived in futurity only, and the preſent time did not ſeem worthy to be computed. All my thoughts were nothing but deſires, my reflexions but ſo many projects, and my ſentiments but a ſeries of hopes.

Scarce have I learned to form theſe figures, and yet I will now try to make them the interpreters of my paſſion.

I feel myſelf reanimated by this tender employment: reſtored to myſelf, I begin to live again. *Aza*, how dear art thou! what delight do I take in telling thee ſo, in painting theſe ſentiments, and giving them all poſſible means

means of exiſtence ! I would trace them upon the hardeſt metal, upon the walls of my chamber, upon my garments, upon all that ſurrounds me, and expreſs them in all languages.

How fatal, alas, has the knowledge of the language I now uſe been to me! How deceitful was the hope that prevail'd on me to learn it! Scarce had I got acquainted with it but a new univerſe opened to my eyes; objects took another form, and every light I gain'd diſcover'd to me a new misfortune.

My mind, my heart, my eyes, the Sun himſelf has deceived me. He enlightens the whole world, of which thy empire, and the various kingdoms that own thy ſupremacy, are a portion only. Do not think, my dear *Aza*, that they have impoſed upon

upon me in theſe incredible facts, which they have but too well proved.

Far from being among people ſubjected to thy obedience, I am not only under a foreign dominion, but ſo prodigiouſly remote from thy empire, that our nation had ſtill been unknown here, if the avarice of the *Spaniards* had not made them ſurmount the moſt hideous dangers to come at us.

Will not love do as much as a thirſt of riches has done? If thou loveſt me, if thou deſireſt me, if thou only thinkeſt yet of the unhappy *Zelia*, I have every thing to expect from thy tenderneſs and thy generoſity. Let them teach me the roads that lead to thee, and the perils to be ſurmounted, or the fatigues to be borne, ſhall be ſo many pleaſures to my heart.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

I am as yet ſo little a proficient in the art of writing, that it takes me up abundance of time to form only a few lines. Often it happens, my dear *Aza*, that, after having written much, I cannot myſelf divine what I have endeavoured to expreſs. This perplexity confounds my ideas, and makes me forget what I had with pain revolved in my memory. I begin again, do no better, and yet I proceed.

The task would be more eaſy to me, if I had nothing to give thee but expreſſions of my tenderneſs: the vivacity of my ſentiments would then ſurmount all difficulties.

But

But I would alſo render thee an account of all that has paſſed during the long interval of my ſilence. I would not have thee ignorant of any of my actions: and yet of ſo little importance, ſo little uniform have they a long time been, that it would be impoſſible for me to diſtinguiſh one from another.

The principal event of my life has been *Deterville*'s departure.

As long ago, as they call here *ſix months*, he has been gone to war for the intereſt of his ſovereign. When he ſat out, I did not yet know the uſe of his tongue: but, by the lively grief he diſcovered at parting from his ſiſter and me, I underſtood that we were going to loſe him for a long time.

I ſhed many tears; a thouſand fears filled my heart, leſt the kindneſs of

of *Celina* ſhould wear off. In him I loſt the moſt ſolid hope of ſeeing thee again. To whom could I have had recourſe, if any new misfortunes had happen'd to me? Nobody underſtood my language.

It was not long before I felt the effects of this abſence. *Madame* his mother, whoſe contempt I had but too juſtly gueſs'd at (and who had not kept me ſo much in her chamber, but to indulge the vanity ſhe conceived on account of my birth, and the power ſhe had over me) cauſed me to be ſhut up with *Celina* in a houſe of virgins, where we now are. The life that we lead here is ſo very uniform, that it can produce but very inconſiderable events.

This retreat would not diſpleaſe me, if it had not deprived me, juſt as I began to underſtand every thing,

of

of the inſtructions I wanted to carry on my deſign of coming to thee. The virgins that live here are ſo profoundly ignorant, that they cannot ſatisfy my moſt trifling enquiries.

The worſhip which they render to the Divinity of the country requires that they ſhould renounce all his benefits, all intelligence of the mind, all the ſentiments of the heart, and I think even reaſon itſelf, if one may judge from their diſcourſe.

Tho' ſhut up like ours, theſe virgins have one advantage that is not to be found in the temple of the Sun. The walls are open here in ſeveral places, and ſecured only by croſs bars of iron, ſo cloſe that they cannot be got between. By theſe places, which are called *Parlours* *, they have the liberty

* *Parloirs.*

converſing with perſons who are without.

It is thro' one of theſe convenient places that I continue to have my writing leſſons. I ſpeak to nobody but the maſter who gives them to me, and his ignorance, in every thing but his art, is not like to reſcue me out of mine. *Celina* ſeems no better informed than the reſt: In the anſwers ſhe gives to my queſtions I obſerve a certain perplexity, which can proceed from nothing but either aukward diſſimulation, or profound ignorance. Whichſoever it be, her converſation is always confined to the affairs of her own heart, and thoſe of her family.

The young *Frenchman* who ſpoke to her, as we came out from the ſinging entertainment, is her lover, as I gueſs'd before.

But madame *Deterville*, who will not let them come together, forbids her ſeeing him ; and, the more effectually to hinder her, will not permit her to ſpeak to any perſon whatſoever without.

Not that the choice is unworthy of her ; but this vain and unnatural mother, taking advantage of a barbarous cuſtom eſtabliſhed among the great in this country, obliges *Celina* to put on the virgin's habit, in order to make her eldeſt ſon the richer.

From the ſame motive ſhe has obliged *Deterville* to enter into a particular order, from which he cannot be diſengag'd after he has pronounced certain words called *vows*.

Celina, with all her power, oppoſes the ſacrifice they would make of her : her courage is ſupported by her lovers letter's, which I receive from

from my writing maſter, and deliver to her. Yet her vexation ſo alters her character, that, far from ſhewing me the ſame kindneſs ſhe did before I ſpoke her tongue, ſhe ſpreads ſuch a ſourneſs over all our converſation, as renders my ſorrows the more acute.

Her troubles, of which I am the perpetual confidante, I hear without diſguſt. I bewail them without art, and comfort her with friendſhip: but if my tenderneſs, awaken'd by the picture of hers, drives me to ſeek eaſe to my oppreſs'd heart by only pronouncing thy name; impatience and contempt are immediately painted in her countenance; ſhe diſputes thy underſtanding, thy virtues, and even thy love.

My very *China* (I have no other name for her, this having ſo pleaſed

that it has been continued) my *China*, who ſeem'd to love me, who obey'd me in all things, takes the liberty to exhort me to think no more of thee, or leaves me, if I bid her be ſilent. *Celina* then comes in, and I muſt hide my reſentment.

This tyrannical conſtraint heightens all my ills. I have nothing left but the painful ſatisfaction of covering this paper with expreſſions of my tenderneſs, it being the only docile witneſs of the ſentiments of my heart.

Alas! perhaps the pains I take are uſeleſs; perhaps thou wilt never know that I lived for thee alone. This horrible thought enfeebles my courage, yet does not interrupt my deſign of continuing to write to thee. I preſerve my illuſion, that I may preſerve my life for thee. I baniſh the cruel reaſon that would inform me.

me. If I did not hope to ſee thee again, I am ſure, my dear *Aza*, I ſhould periſh; for life without thee is a torment to me.

LETTER XX.

HITHERTO, my dear *Aza*, buſied only about the pains of my heart, I have ſaid nothing to thee concerning thoſe of my mind; yet theſe are not the leſs cruel, becauſe I have omitted them. I experience one of a kind unknown among us, and which nothing but the equivocal genius of this nation could invent.

The government of this empire, quite oppoſite to that of thine, muſt needs be defective. Whereas the *Capa-inca* is oblig'd to provide for the ſubſiſtence of his people, in *Europe*

the ſovereigns ſubſiſt only on the labours of their ſubjects: whence it is that moſt of the crimes and misfortunes proceed here from unſatisfied neceſſities.

The misfortunes of the nobles in general ariſe from the difficulties they are under to reconcile their apparent magnificence with their real miſery.

The common people ſupport their condition by what is called commerce or induſtry, the leaſt evil ariſing from which is inſincerity.

Part of the people, in order to live, are obliged to depend on the humanity of others; and that is ſo bounded, that ſcarce have thoſe wretches ſufficient to keep them alive.

Without gold, it is impoſſible to acquire any part of that land which nature has given in common to all men.

men. Without poſſeſſing what they call wealth, it is impoſſible to have gold; and by a falſe conſequence, repugnant to reaſon and natural light, this ſenſeleſs people, thinking it a ſhame to receive from any other than the ſovereign the means of life, and the ſupport of dignity, give that ſovereign an opportunity of ſhowering down his liberalities on ſo ſmall a number of his ſubjects, in compariſon with thoſe that are miſerable, that there would be as much folly in pretending to any ſhare in them, as there would be ignominy in obtaining deliverance by death from the impoſſibility of living without ſhame.

The knowledge of theſe woful truths excited in my heart at firſt only pity for the miſerable wretches, and indignation againſt the laws. But alas! how many cruel reflexions does

the contemptuous manner, in which I hear them ſpeak of thoſe that are not rich, cauſe me to make on myſelf! I have neither gold nor land, nor addreſs, and yet I neceſſarily make a part of the citizens of this place. O heaven! in what claſs muſt I rank myſelf?

Tho' I am a ſtranger to all ſentiment of ſhame, which does not ariſe from a fault committed; tho' I perceive how fooliſh it is to bluſh for cauſes independent of my power and my will, I cannot help ſuffering from the idea which others have of me. This pain would be inſupportable to me, if I did not hope that thy generoſity will one day put me in a condition to recompenſe thoſe, who, in ſpite of me, humble me by benefits with which I once thought myſelf honoured.

Not

Not that *Celina* omits any thing in her power to calm my inquietudes in this reſpect: but what I ſee, what I learn of this country, gives me a general diffidence of their words. Their virtues, my dear *Aza*, have no more reality than their riches. The moveables, which I thought were of gold, have only a thin ſuperficies of that metal, their true ſubſtance being wood. In like manner what they call *politeneſs* has all the outward forms of virtue, and lightly vails over their faults: but, with a little attention, the artifice of this is diſcovered, as well as their falſe riches.

I owe part of this knowledge to a ſort of writing they call *books*. Tho' I found it very difficult to comprehend what they contain, they have been of great uſe to me: I extract notions

from them ; *Celina* explains to me what ſhe knows, and I form ſuch ideas as I think are juſt.

Some of theſe *books* teach me what men have done, and others, what they have thought. I cannot explain to thee, my dear *Aza*, the exquiſite pleaſure I ſhould take in reading them, if I did but underſtand them better ; nor the extreme deſire I have to know ſome of thoſe divine men who compoſe them. As they are to the ſoul what the Sun is to the earth, I ſhould with them find all the lights, all the helps I want : but I ſee no hope of ever having that ſatisfaction. Tho' *Celina* reads pretty often, ſhe is not knowing enough to ſatisfy me. As if ſhe had never reflected that books were made by men, ſhe is ignorant of their names, and even that ſuch men ever lived.

I will convey to thee, my dear *Aza*, all that I can collect from their wonderful works: I will explain them in our language, and ſhall taſte ſupreme felicity in giving a new pleaſure to him I love.

Alas! ſhall I ever be able to perform my promiſe?

LETTER XXI.

I Shall not for the future want matter to entertain thee, my dear *Aza*: they have let me ſpeak to a *Cuſipata*, whom they call a *religious*, who knows every thing, and has promiſed to leave me ignorant of nothing. As polite as a great lord, as learned as an *Amatas*, he knows as well the cuſtoms of the world as the tenets of his religion. His converſation, more

uſeful

uſeful than a book, has given me a ſatisfaction which I had not taſted ſince my misfortunes ſeparated me from thee.

He came to teach me the religion of *France*, and exhort me to embrace it: which I would willingly have done, if I had been well aſſured that he gave me a true picture of it.

According to what he ſaid to me of the virtues it preſcribes, they are drawn from the law of nature, and not leſs pure in fact than ours: but I have not penetration enough to perceive here that agreement which the manners and cuſtoms of a nation ſhould have with their religion: on the contrary, I find ſuch a want of connexion betwixt theſe, that my reaſon abſolutely refuſes to believe my inſtructor.

With

With regard to the origin and principles of this religion, they did not appear to me either more incredible, or more incompatible with good ſenſe, than the hiſtory of *Manco-capac* and the lake *Tiſicaca**: I ſhould therefore have been ready to embrace it, if the *Cuſipata* had not indignantly deſpiſed the worſhip which we render to the Sun. Partiality of any kind deſtroys confidence.

I might have applied to his arguments what he oppoſed to mine: but if the laws of humanity forbid to ſtrike another, becauſe it is doing him an injury, there is more reaſon why one ſhould not hurt the ſoul of another by a contempt of his opinions. I contented myſelf with explaining to him

* See the hiſtory of the *Incas*.

him my ſentiments, but did not attempt to contradict his.

Beſides, a more dear concern preſſed me to change the ſubject of our converſation. I interrupted him as ſoon as poſſible, to ask how far the city of *Paris* was from that of *Cuzco*, and whether it was poſſible to get from one to the other. The *Cuſipata* ſatisfied me kindly; and tho' the diſtance he told me there was betwixt the two cities was enough to make me deſpair, tho' he made me look on the difficulty of performing this voyage as almoſt inſurmountable, it was ſufficient for me to know that the thing was poſſible, in order to confirm my courage, and give me confidence to communicate my deſign to the good father.

He ſeemed aſtoniſh'd, and endeavour'd to divert me from my project

ject with ſuch tender words, that I was moved myſelf at the dangers I was to be expoſed to : but my reſolution however was unſhaken, and I pray'd the *Cuſipata*, in the warmeſt manner, to teach me the means of returning into my country. He would not enter into particulars, and only told me that *Deterville*, by his high birth and perſonal merit, being in great credit, might do what he would for me : and that having an uncle all powerful at the court of *Spain*, he could more eaſily than any man procure me news from our unhappy country.

The better to determine me to wait for his return (which he aſſured me to be near at hand) he added, that, after the obligations I had to this generous friend, I could not honourably diſpoſe of myſelf without his conſent.

I agreed with him, heard with pleaſure the encomium he made of thoſe rare qualities which diſtinguiſh *Deterville* from others of his rank. The weight of acknowledgment is very light, my dear *Aza*, when one receives favours only from the hands of virtue.

The learned man informed me alſo how chance had conducted the *Spaniards* to thy unfortunate empire, and that the thirſt of gold was the ſole cauſe of their cruelty. He then explained to me in what manner the rights of war had cauſed me to fall into the hands of *Deterville*, by a fight in which he was victorious, after having taken ſeveral ſhips from the *Spaniards*, among which was that in which I was embarked.

In fine, my dear *Aza*, if he has confirmed my misfortunes, he has at leaſt drawn me out of that cruel darkneſs

darkneſs in which I lived with regard to all thoſe extraordinary events. This is no ſmall ſolace to my pains, and for the reſt I wait the return of *Deterville*. He is humane, noble virtuous, and I may depend upon his generoſity. If he reſtores me to thee, what a benefit! what joy! what happineſs!—

LETTER XXII.

I Truſted, my dear *Aza*, upon making me a friend of the learned *Cuſipata*: but a ſecond viſit he has made me, has deſtroy'd the good opinion I formed of him in the firſt: in ſhort, we have already differ'd.

If at firſt he appeared to me gentle and ſincere, this time I found nothing

nothing but rudeneſs and falſehood in all that he ſaid to me.

My mind being eaſy with regard to the object of my tenderneſs, I deſired to ſatisfy my curioſity, concerning the wonderful men who make books: I began by enquiring what rank they held in the world, what veneration was paid to them, in ſhort, what were the honours and triumphs decreed to them for ſo many benefits beſtow'd on ſociety.

I know not what pleaſantry the *Cuſipata* found in my queſtions, but he ſmiled at each of them, and anſwer'd me only by ſuch broken ſentences, that it was not difficult for me to ſee he deceived me.

In fact, ought I to believe that perſons, who know and paint ſo well the ſubtile delicacies of virtue, ſhould not have more, nay ſhould ſometimes have

have leſs of it in their hearts than other men? Can I believe that intereſt is the guide of a labour more than human, and that ſo many pains are rewarded only by railleries, or at beſt by a little mony?

Can I perſuade myſelf that, in ſo haughty a nation, men who are indiſputably above others by the light of their underſtanding, are reduced to the woful neceſſity of ſelling their thoughts, as people ſell for bread the meaneſt productions of the earth?

Falſehood, my dear *Aza*, does not leſs diſpleaſe me when under the tranſparent mask of pleaſantry, than when under the thick vail of ſeduction: that of the father provok'd me, and I did not deign to give him an anſwer.

Not being able to ſatisfy myſelf in in this reſpect, I turned the converſation

tion against the project of my voyage: but, inſtead of diſſuading me from it with the ſame gentleneſs as before, he oppoſed ſuch ſtrong and convincing reaſons againſt me, that I had nothing but my paſſion for thee to combat them with, and I made no ſcruple of confeſſing as much.

At firſt he aſſumed a gay air, and, ſeeming to doubt the truth of my words, anſwered only by jokes, which, inſipid as they were, did not fail of offending me. I labour'd to convince him of my truth; but, in proportion as the expreſſions of my heart prov'd its ſentiments, his countenance and words grew ſevere. He dared to tell me that my love for thee was incompatible with virtue; that I muſt renounce one or the other; in ſhort, that I could not love thee without a crime.

At

At theſe ſenſeleſs words the moſt violent wrath took poſſeſſion of my ſoul: I forgot the moderation I had preſcribed myſelf, I loaded him with reproaches. I told him what I thought of the falſity of his words: I proteſted to him a thouſand times that I would love thee always; and, without waiting for his excuſes, quitted him, and ran and ſhut myſelf up in my chamber, whither I was ſure he could not follow me.

O my dear *Aza!* how whimſical is the reaſon of this country! Always in contradiction with itſelf, I cannot underſtand how I am to obey ſome of its precepts without thwarting many others.

It agrees in general that to do good is the firſt virtue: it approves acknowledgment, and preſcribes ingratitude.

It would be laudable in me if I could reſtabliſh thee upon the throne of thy fathers : but I am criminal in preſerving for thee a good more precious than the empires of the world.

They would commend me if I could recompenſe thy benefits by the treaſures of *Peru*. Strip'd of all, dependent for all, I poſſeſs only my love ; that they would have me tear from thee, and become ungrateful, becauſe I have virtue. Ah my dear *Aza* ! I ſhould deceive them, if I promiſed a moment to ceaſe loving thee. Faithful to their laws, I ſhall be ſo to my love alſo, I ſhall live for thee alone.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

I Believe, my dear *Aza*, that nothing but the joy of ſeeing thee can ſurpaſs that which I felt upon the return of *Deterville*: but, as if I was never more to taſte pleaſures unmixed, it was very ſoon follow'd by a ſorrow which ſtill endures.

Celina was yeſterday morning in my chamber, when ſomebody came and whiſper'd her out, and ſhe had not been long gone, before I was bid to come to the parlour. I ran thither, and how was I ſurprized to find her brother there with her!

I did not diſſemble the pleaſure I received at ſeeing him to whom I owe ſo much eſteem and friendſhip. As ſentiments of this kind border on virtues,

virtues, I expreſs'd them with as much truth as I felt them.

I ſaw my deliverer, the only ſupport of my hope: I began to ſpeak without conſtraint of thee, of my love, of my deſigns, and my joy ſwelled up to tranſports.

As I did not ſpeak *French* when *Deterville* went away, how many things had I to tell him? how many queſtions to ask him, and how many thanks to give him? Deſirous to tell him all at once, I ſpoke bad *French*, and yet continued to talk on.

During this time I perceived that *Deterville* changed his countenance: the gloom, which I remark'd on his face when I entered, diſappeared: joy took its place, and I, pleaſed that I could give him delight, endeavour'd to heighten it ſtill more. Alas! ought I to have feared giving too much

much pleaſure to a friend to whom I owe all, and from whom expect all? Yet my ſincerity threw him into an error which at preſent coſts me a great many tears.

Celina went out at the ſame time that I came in: perhaps her preſence might have hinder'd ſo cruel an explanation.

Deterville, attentive to my words, ſeemed to take pleaſure in hearing them without thinking to interrupt me I know not what trouble ſeized me, when I would have demanded of him inſtructions relative to my journey, and explain'd to him the motive of it: but I wanted expreſſions, and ſearched them in vain. He availed himſelf of a moment of ſilence, and bowing one knee to the ground before the grate, which he held with both his hands, he ſaid to

me in a paſſionate one; To what ſentiments, divine *Zilia*, muſt I aſcribe the pleaſure which I ſee ſoartleſsly expreſs'd in your fair eyes, as well as in your diſcourſe? Am I the happieſt of men, at the very inſtant when my ſiſter deſcribed me as the greateſt object of compaſſion? I know not, anſwer'd I, what uneaſineſs *Celina* can have given you; but I am very ſure you ſhall never receive any from me. She has told me, replied he, that I ought not to hope for your love.

Mine, cried I interrupting him, could ſhe ſay that you have not my love? Ah! *Deterville*, how could your ſiſter blacken me with ſuch a crime? I abhor ingratitude, and ſhould hate myſelf if I thought I could ever ceaſe loving you.

While

While I ſpoke theſe few words, he ſeemed, by the eagerneſs of his looks, as if he would have read my very ſoul.

You love me then, *Zilia*, ſaid he, and you tell it me yourſelf! I would have given my life to have heard ſo charming a confeſſion: but alas! now I hear it, I cannot believe. *Zilia*, my dear *Zilia*, is it true that you love me? Do you not deceive yourſelf? Your tone, your eyes, my heart, every thing ſeduces me. Perhaps I am only to be plunged again into the deſpair from which I have juſt eſcaped.

You aſtoniſh me, replied I. Whence ariſes your diffidence? Since I have known you, if I could not make myſelf underſtood by words, ought not all my actions to have proved that I lov'd you? No, reſumed he,

I cannot yet flatter myſelf of this: you are not yet miſtreſs enough of French to deſtroy my juſt fears. I know you do not endeavour to deceive me: but tell me what ſenſe you affix to theſe adorable words, *I love you*. Let my lot be decided: let me die at your feet, either with grief or pleaſure.

Theſe words, I ſaid to him (a little intimidated by the vivacity with which he concluded his ſpeech) theſe words, I think, ought to let you know that you are dear to me; that I intereſt myſelf in your fortune; that friendſhip and gratitude attach me to you: theſe ſentiments pleaſe my heart, and ought to ſatisfy yours.

Ah *Zilia*! anſwered he, how your expreſſions grow more feeble, and your tone more cold! Did *Celina* then tell me truth? Is is not for *Aza* that you

you feel all that you ſay? No, ſaid I; the ſentiments I have for *Aza* are quite different from thoſe I have for you: they are what you call *love* in another ſenſe. What pain can this give you? added I (ſeeing him grow pale, leave the grate, and look ſorrowfully up to heaven) I have this tender love for *Aza*, becauſe he has the ſame for me, and we were to be united. There is nothing in this that at all concerns you. There ſhould be the ſame ties, ſaid he, betwixt you and me, as you own betwixt him and you, ſince I have a thouſand times more love than he ever felt.

How can that be? ſaid I interrupting. You are not of my nation. Far from having choſen me for your wife, it was chance only that brought us together, and we could never till this day freely communicate our ideas

to each other. What reaſon could you have to entertain for me ſuch ſentiments as you mention?

Was any other reaſon wanting, he replied, than your charms, and your character, to attach me to you till death? Tenderly educated, indolent, an enemy to artifice, the pains it muſt have coſt me to engage the hearts of women, and the dread of not finding there that frankneſs I deſired, gave me only a vague and tranſient reliſh for the ſex. I lived without paſſion till the moment I ſaw you, when your beauty ſtruck me: but its impreſſion, perhaps, had been as light as that of many others, if the ſweetneſs and ſimplicity of your character had not made you appear to me the very object which my imagination had ſo often formed. You know, *Zilia*, whether I have ſhewn reſpect to this

object

object of my adoration. What has it coſt me to reſiſt the ſeducing occaſions which the familiarity of a long voyage offered me? How many times muſt your innocence have ſurrender'd to my tranſports, if I had liſten'd to them? But, far from offending you, I carried my diſcretion even to ſilence: I even required my ſiſter not to ſay a word to you of my love, willing to owe nothing but to yourſelf alone. Ah *Zilia*, if ſo tender a reſpect does not move you, I will fly: but I perceive that my death will be the price of the ſacrifice.

Your death! cried I (affected at the ſincere grief which I ſaw preſs him down) fatal ſacrifice indeed! I know not whether the apprehenſion of my own would be more frightful to me.

Well then, *Zil a*, ſaid he, if my life is dear to you, order me to

live. What muſt I do, ſaid I. Love me, anſwered he, as you love *Aza*. I love him always the ſame, replied I, and ſhall love him till death. I added, Whether your laws permit you to love two objects in the ſame manner I know not, but our cuſtoms and my heart forbid it. Be content with the ſentiments I promiſe you: I can have no other. Truth is dear to me, and I tell it you without diſguiſe.

How you aſſaſſinate in cold blood! cried he. Ah *Zilia*! how do I love you, ſince I adore even your cruel frankneſs. Well, continued he (after ſome moments ſilence) my love ſhall ſurpaſs your cruelty. Your happineſs is dearer to me than my own. Speak to me unreſervedly with this torturing ſincerity: what hopes have you with regard to the love you ſtill cheriſh for *Aza*?

Alas!

Alas! ſaid I, my hopes are in you only. I then told him, I had learn'd that a communication with the Indies was not a thing impoſſible: that I flatter'd myſelf he would procure me the means of returning thither, or at leaſt, that he would have the goodneſs to get my knots convey'd to thee, which would inform thee of my condition, and procure me an anſwer to them, that I might know thy deſtiny alſo, and conduct myſelf accordingly.

I am going, ſaid he (with an affected coldneſs) to take the neceſſary meaſures for diſcovering the fate of your lover: you ſhall be ſatisfied on that head: but in vain do you flatter yourſelf with ſeeing the happy *Aza* again, who is ſeparated from you by invincible obſtacles.

Theſe words, my dear *Aza*, were a mortal blow to my heart: my tears flow'd in abundance, and long hindered me from anſwering *Deterville*, who kept on his ſide a melancholy ſilence. If it be ſo, ſaid I at laſt, that I ſhall ſee him no more, yet will I not live for him the leſs. If your friendſhip be generous enough to procure us ſome correſpondence, that ſatisfaction ſhall ſuffice to render my life leſs inſupportable; and I ſhall die content, provided you promiſe to inform him that I loved him dying.

Oh! this is too much, cried he, riſing up briskly. Yes, if it is poſſible, I will be the only one unhappy. You ſhall know this heart which you diſdain: you ſhall ſee of what efforts a love like mine is capable, and I will force you at leaſt to lament

ment me. As he ſpoke theſe words he ſprung away, and left me in a condition which I do not yet well comprehend. I continued ſtanding, my eyes fixed on the door by which *Deterville* went out, plunged in a confuſion of thoughts, which I ſtrove in vain to put in order. I ſhould have continued there longer, if *Celina* had not come into the parlour.

She asked me ſharply why her brother was gone ſo ſoon, and I did not conceal from her what had paſſed betwixt us.

At firſt ſhe ſeemed to grieve for what ſhe called her brother's misfortune: then turning her ſorrow into rage, ſhe loaded me with the hardeſt reproaches, to which I dared not anſwer a ſingle word. What could I have ſaid to her? My trouble did not leave me the liberty of thinking.

I went out, and ſhe did not follow me. Retiring into my chamber, I ſtaid there a whole day without daring to appear, without ſpeaking to any perſon, and in ſuch a diſorder of mind that did not permit me even to write to thee.

Celina's wrath, her brother's deſpair, and his laſt words, to which I dared not give a favourable ſenſe, tormented my ſoul in turns, and gave me the moſt cruel uneaſineſs.

At laſt I thought, that the only way to ſoften my inquietudes, was to paint them to thee, and to ſearch in thy love for thoſe counſels which I have ſo much need of. This error ſupported me whilſt I was writing: but how ſhort a time did it laſt? My letter is written, and the characters are drawn for myſelf only.

Thou

Thou art ignorant of what I ſuffer: thou doſt not even know whether I exiſt, whether I continue to love thee. *Aza*, my dear *Aza*, thou wilt never know theſe things.

LETTER XXIV.

I May juſtly call that time an abſence, my dear *Aza*, which is elapſed ſince the laſt time I wrote to thee.

Some days after the converſation I had with *Deterville*, I fell into a ſickneſs which they call a *fever*. If, as I believe, it was cauſed by the dolorous paſſions which then agitated me, I doubt not but it has been lengthened by the ſorrowful reflections that have ſince employ'd me,

me, and by my regret for having loſt the friendſhip of *Celina*.

Tho' ſhe ſeemed to be concerned for my malady, and took of me all the care that was in her power, it was with ſo cold an air, and ſo little ſympathy in the affliction of my ſoul, that I cannot doubt but her ſentiments towards me are altered. The extreme friendſhip ſhe has for her brother ſets her againſt me, and ſhe continually reproaches me for having render'd him unhappy. The ſhame of appearing ungrateful intimidates me: the affected kindneſſes of *Celina* torture me: ſhe is conſtrained by my perplexity, and the ſoft and agreeable are baniſhed from our converſation.

In ſpite of ſo much contrariety and pain from the brother and ſiſter, I am not unaffected with the events which have changed their deſtiny.

Madame

Madame *Deterville* is dead. This unnatural mother has not bely'd her character; ſhe has left her whole fortune to her eldeſt ſon. There are hopes that the lawyers may hinder the effects of this injuſtice. *Deterville*, diſintereſted with regard to himſelf, takes infinite pains to redeem *Celina* from oppreſſion. Her misfortune ſeems to redouble his friendſhip for her: beſides that he comes to ſee her every day, he writes to her night and morning: his letters are full of tender complaints againſt me, and ſuch lively ſolicitude for my health, that, tho' *Celina* affects, in reading them to me, to inform me only of the progreſs of their affairs, I can eaſily diſcover the motive of this pretence.

I do not doubt but *Deterville* writes them on purpoſe that they may

may be read to me: and yet I am perſuaded he would not do it, if he knew the heavy reproaches that always follow theſe lectures. They make their impreſſion upon my heart, and ſorrow conſumes me.

Hitherto, in the midſt of ſtorms, I have enjoy'd the weak ſatisfaction of living in peace with myſelf. Not a ſpot ſullied the purity of my ſoul, not a remorſe troubled it. But now I cannot think, without a ſort of contempt for myſelf, that I ſhould make two perſons unhappy to whom I owe my life. How do I interrupt the repoſe which but for me they would enjoy! and yet, tho' I do them all the harm in my power, I cannot ceaſe to be in this reſpect criminal. My tenderneſs for thee triumphs over my remorſe. *Aza*, how do I love thee!

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

HOW hurtful, my dear *Aza*, may prudence ſometimes be! I have a long time reſiſted the powerful inſtances which *Deterville* had cauſed to be made to me, that I would grant him a moment's converſation. Alas! I ſhunn'd my own happineſs. At length, leſs thro' complaiſance than becauſe I was weary of *Celina*'s importunity, I ſuffered myſelf to be led to the parlour. At ſight of the frightful change in *Deterville*, which makes him ſcarce to be known, I ſtood confounded, repented already the ſtep I had taken, and waited trembling, for the reproaches which I thought he had a right

right to lay on me. How could I divine that he was going to fill my ſoul with pleaſure?

Pardon me *Zilia*, ſaid he, the violence I put on you. I ſhould not have obliged you to ſee me, if I had not brought you as much joy as you inflict torment on me. Is a moment's ſight of you too much to require, in recompence for the cruel ſacrifice I am going to make you? Then, without giving me time to anſwer, Here, ſays he, is a letter from that relation you was ſpeaking of. This will inform you of *Aza*'s ſituation, and, in ſo doing, prove, better than all my oaths, how great is the exceſs of my love. He then read the letter thro'. Oh! my dear *Aza*, could I hear it, and not die for joy? It informed me that thy days are preſerved, that thou art free, that thou liveſt

liveſt out of danger at the court of *Spain*. What an unhoped for happineſs!

This admirable letter was writ by a man who knows thee, who ſees thee, who converſes with thee. Perhaps thy looks were fixed a moment upon this precious paper. I could not take mine off from it. It was with pain I ſuppreſs'd the joyous exclamations that were ready to eſcape, and tears of love overflow'd my countenance.

If I had followed the motions of my heart, a hundred times ſhould I have interrupted *Deterville*, to tell him all that my gratitude inſpired: but I did not forget that my felicity would augment his pain, and conceal'd my tranſports, that only my tears were viſible.

You

You ſee, *Zilia*, ſaid he, after he had done reading, that I have kept my word: you are informed of *Aza*'s ſituation: What is there more to be done? Give your orders without conſtraint: there is nothing that you have not a right to exact of my love, provided it contributes to your felicity.

Tho' I might have expected this exceſs of goodneſs, it nevertheleſs ſurprized and affected me.

I was ſome moments perplexed for an anſwer, fearing to aggravate the grief of ſo generous a man. I ſought for terms that might expreſs the truth of my heart, without offending the ſenſibility of his: I could not find them, and yet was oblig'd to ſpeak.

My happineſs, ſaid I, will never be without mixture, ſince I cannot reconcile the duties of love with thoſe

of

of friendſhip. I would regain the friendſhip both of you and *Celina*, would never leave you, would for ever admire your virtues, and thro' my whole life pay the tribute of gratitude which I owe for your goodneſs. I know that, in removing to a diſtance from two perſons ſo dear, I ſhall carry with me eternal regret. But ——

How, *Zilia*, cried he, would you leave us then? Alas! I was not prepar'd for this fatal reſolution, and want courage to ſupport it. I had ſtrength enough to ſee you here in the arms of my rival: the efforts of my reaſon and the delicacy of my love had confirmed me to bear that mortal blow, which I had contrived for myſelf; but I cannot be ſeparated from you, I cannot renounce the ſight of you. No, you ſhall not depart,

continued he with warmth: do not think of it: you abuſe my tenderneſs, and tear without pity a heart diſtracted with love. *Zilia*! cruel *Zilia*! ſee my deſpair: it is your work. Alas! what price do you pay for the moſt pure love!

It is you, anſwer'd I (frightened at his reſolution) it is you that ought to be blamed. You wither up my very ſoul by forcing it to be ungrateful; you lay waſte my heart by a fruitleſs ſenſibility! In the name of friendſhip, do not tarniſh a generoſity without example by a deſpair which would cauſe the bitterneſs of my life, and not render you happy. Do not condemn in me the ſame ſentiment which you cannot ſurmount, and force me to complain of you unwillingly. Let me cheriſh your name, bear it to the end of the world, and

make

make it rever'd by people who are the adorers of virtue.

I know not how I pronounced theſe words; but *Deterville*, fixing his eyes upon me, and yet not ſeeming to look, but ſhut up as it were in himſelf, continued a long time in profound meditation. I did not dare to interrupt him, and we kept an equal ſilence till he reſum'd his ſpeech, and with a ſort of tranquility ſaid to me: Yes, *Zilia*, I know, I feel my own injuſtice: but can one cooly renounce the ſight of ſo many charms? You will have it ſo, and you ſhall be obey'd. O heaven! what a ſacrifice! My ſorrowful days ſhall roll on, and end without ſeeing you. At leaſt if death —— Let us talk no more of it, added he interrupting himſelf: my weakneſs betray'd me: give me two days to confirm myſelf, and I will wait

wait upon you again, that we may together take the meaſures neceſſary for your journey. Adieu, *Zilia*. May the happy *Aza* taſte all felicity. At ſaying theſe words he went out.

I confeſs to thee, my dear *Aza*, tho' *Deterville* is dear to me, tho' I was deeply affected with his grief, I had too much impatience to enjoy my felicity in peace, not to be very well pleaſed with his retirement.

How delightful is it, after ſo much pain, to give one's ſelf up to joy! I paſſed the reſt of the day in the moſt tender raptures. I did not write to thee: a letter would have been too little for my heart, it would have recalled thy abſence to my mind. I ſaw thee, I ſpoke to thee, dear *Aza!* What had been wanting to my happineſs, if thou hadſt joined to that

that precious letter ſome tokens of thy tenderneſs? why didſt thou not do it? They ſpoke to thee concerning me, thou knoweſt my ſituation, and I hear not a word of thy love. But can I doubt of thy heart? mine is anſwerable for it. Thou loveſt me; thy joy is equal to mine: thou burneſt with the ſame fire, and the ſame impatience devours thee. Let fear be far from my ſoul, and joy reign there without mixture. Yet—thou haſt embraced the religion of that ſavage people. What is that religion? Does it require the ſame ſacrifices as that of *France?* No: thou wouldſt not then have ſubmitted to it.

However that be, my heart is under thy laws: ſubmitted to thy underſtanding, I will blindly adopt whatever may render us inſeparable. How can I fear? Soon reunited to my

 bliſs,

bliſs, to my being, to my all, I ſhall hereafter think for thee only, and live for nothing but to love thee.

LETTER XXVI.

IT is here, my dear *Aza*, that I ſhall ſee thee again: my felicity increaſes every day by its particular circumſtances. The interview aſſigned me by *Deterville* is juſt over, and whatever pleaſure I promiſed myſelf in ſurmounting the difficulties of a long journey, of preventing thee, of meeting thy footſteps, I ſacrifice it without regret to the happineſs of ſeeing thee ſooner.

Deterville has proved to me with ſuch ſtrong evidence that thou may'ſt be here in leſs time than I can travel into *Spain*, that, tho' he generouſly left

left to me the choice, I did not he ſitate to wait for thee here, time being too precious to be waſted without neceſſity.

Perhaps I ſhould have examined this advantage with more care, if, before I had choſen, I had not gained ſuch lights with reſpect to my journey as determined me in ſecret what party to take, and that ſecret I can truſt only to thee.

I remember that, in the long route which brought me to *Paris*, *Deterville* gave pieces of ſilver, and ſometimes of gold, at all the places where we ſtop'd. I deſired to know if this was required of him, or if he did it of mere generoſity: and was informed, that, in *France*, travellers pay not only for their food, but even for their repoſe .*

* The *Incas* eſtabliſh'd large houſes upon the roads, where all travellers were entertain'd without expence.

Alas! I have not the leaſt portion of that which would be neceſſary to ſatisfy the cravings of this greedy people: all muſt come from *Deterville*. Thou knoweſt what I owe him, and how ſhameful would it be to contract freſh obligations! I ſhould accept his favour with a repugnance which nothing but abſolute neceſſity could vanquiſh: Can I voluntarily make myſelf a greater debtor to him who has already done and ſuffered ſo much for me? I could not reſolve on it, my dear *Aza*, and this reaſon alone would have determined me to remain here: the pleaſure of ſeeing thee ſooner only confirmed my former reſolution.

Deterville has writ in my preſence to the *Spaniſh* miniſter: he preſſes him to let thee come, and points out to him the means of getting thee

conducted

conducted hither, with a generosity warms at once my gratitude and admiration.

How pleasant were the moments that passed while *Deterville* was writing! how delightful to plan out the dispositions for thy journey, to settle the preparations for my happiness, of which I can no longer doubt!

If at first it cost me dear to renounce the design of preventing thy journey, I confess, my dear *Aza*, I have found in so doing the source of a thousand pleasures, which I had not before perceived.

Many circumstances, which at first appeared not considerable enough either to hasten or retard my journey, become to me interesting and agreeable. I followed blindly the bias of my heart: and forgot that I was

coming in ſearch of thee among thoſe cruel *Spaniards*, the very idea of whom ſtrikes me with horror. The certainty of not ſeeing them any more gives me infinite ſatisfaction. Tho' the voice of love at firſt ſuppreſſed that of friendſhip, I now taſte without remorſe the ſweetneſs of uniting them. *Deterville* has aſſured me that it will be impoſſible for us ever to reviſit the city of the Sun: and, after our own country, can there be a more agreeable place of reſidence than this of *France*? It will pleaſe thee, my dear *Aza*, tho' ſincerity is baniſh'd from it. Here are ſo many agreeable things, that they make one forget the dangers of the ſociety.

After what I have ſaid to thee of gold, it is uneceſſary to caution thee to take ſome of it with thee: thou

wilt

wilt have no other merit. A ſmall part of thy treaſures would amaze and confound the pride of the magnificent indigents of this kingdom: thy virtues and thy ſentiments will be cheriſh'd by me only.

Deterville has promiſed to tranſmit to thee my knots, and my letters, and aſſured me that thou wilt find interpreters to explain the latter. They are come to demand my packet, and I muſt have done. Farewell, dear hope of my life: I will continue to write to thee, and, if I cannot ſend my letters, will keep them for thee.

How ſhould I ſupport the length of thy journey, if I were to deprive myſelf of the only means I have of converſing with my joy, my tranſports, my felicity?

LETTER XXVII.

SINCE I know my letters to be upon the road, my dear *Aza*, I enjoy a tranquility to which I was before a ſtranger. I think for ever of the pleaſure thou wilt have in receiving them; I ſee and partake thy tranſports: my ſoul admits only agreeable ideas, and, to compleat my joy, peace is again reſtabliſhed in our little ſociety.

The judges have reſtor'd to *Celina* the effects of which her mother had deprived her: ſhe ſees her lover every day, and her marriage is retarded only by the neceſſary preparations that are making for it. Thus happy to her wiſhes, ſhe thinks no more of quarrelling with me, and I have as much

much obligations to her, as if the kindneſſes ſhe begins again to ſhew me were owing to her friendſhip. Whatever the motive be, we are always in debt to thoſe who help us to the enjoyment of agreeable ſentiments.

This morning ſhe made me fully ſenſible of it by an act of complaiſance, which at once tranſported me from tireſome anxiety to the moſt calm tranquility.

They had bought her a prodigious quantity of ſtuffs, garments, and toys of all kinds. She ran and fetch'd me into her chamber, and, after having conſulted me upon the different beauties of ſo many ornaments, ſhe put together a heap of thoſe which had moſt attracted my attention, and haſtily commanded our *Chinas* to carry them into my apart-

ment, tho' I oppoſed it with all my power. My refuſal at firſt diverted her only ; but perceiving that the more I declined the preſent, the more ſhe perſiſted in making it, I could no longer diſſemble my reſentment.

Why, ſaid I to her (with my eyes full of tears) why will you humble me more than I am ? I owe to you life, and all I have : but ſo much bounty is not neceſſary to keep my misfortunes in remembrance. I know that, according to your laws, when benefits are of no advantage to thoſe who receive them, the ſhame is effaced. It is not without repugnance, added I in a more moderate tone, that I conform to ſentiments which have ſo little of nature in them. Our cuſtoms are more humane : he that receives is honoured as much as he that gives : you have taught me to think

think otherwiſe; and is not this, therefore, to offer me an outrage?

This amiable friend, melted by my tears more than irritated by my reproaches, anſwer'd in the moſt kind and gentle tone: Both my brother and I, my dear *Zilia*, would be far from offending your delicacy. It would ill become us, as you ſhall know preſently, to affect magnificence in our behaviour to you. I only deſired that you would partake with me the preſents of a generous brother, and I knew this was the moſt certain method of ſhewing him my gratitude. Cuſtom, in my ſituation, authoriſes me to offer you theſe things: but, ſince you are offended, I will ſay no more to you upon the ſubject. You promiſe me then? ſaid I. Yes, anſwer'd ſhe with a ſmile; but give

me

me leave to write a word or two to *Deterville.*

I let her do as ſhe deſired, and gaiety was reſtored betwixt us. We began to examine her dreſs more particularly, till ſhe was called into the parlour. She would have had me go with her: but, my dear *Aza*, can I have any amuſement comparable to that of writing to thee? Far from ſeeking any other, I am apprehenſive before-hand of the diverſions intended for me.

Celina is going to be married, and ſhe talks of taking me with her: ſhe would have me quit this religious houſe, and live in hers. But, if I may be believed - - -

this precious monument of our antient ſplendor; I had even left off the thinking of it: but now I am ſurrounded with the magnificence of *Peru*: I ſee it, I feel it, and ſcarce can I believe my eyes or my hands.

Whilſt I was writing to thee, *Celina* came into my chamber, followed by four men crouching under the weight of heavy cheſts which they had on their backs. They ſat them down and retired, and I imagined they had brought ſome new preſents from *Deterville*. I already murmur'd to myſelf, when *Celina*, giving me ſome keys, ſaid; Open, *Zilia*, open without being angry: it comes from *Aza*.

Truth, which I fix inſeparably to the idea of thee, did not leave me in the leaſt doubt. I opened haſtily, and my ſurprize confirmed my error, when

when I ſaw that all which I beheld were the ornaments of the temple of the Sun.

A confuſion of thoughts, mixed up of ſorrow and joy, of pleaſure and regret, filled all my heart. I threw myſelf proſtrate before theſe ſacred remains of our worſhip and our altars, covered them with reſpectful kiſſes, watered them with my tears, and could not be diſengaged from them: I even forgot that *Celina* was preſent, till ſhe rouſed me from my trance by giving me a letter, which ſhe deſired me to read.

Still given up to my error, I thought it came from thee, and my tranſports redoubled: but, tho' I made it out with pain, I ſoon perceived that it was *Deterville*'s writing. It will be eaſier for me to copy

copy it, my dear *Aza*, than to explain to thee the ſenſe of it.

DETERVILLE'S BILLET.

" Theſe treaſures are yours, fair " *Zilia*, ſince I found them in the " ſhip that carried you. Some diſ- " putes, that aroſe among the crew, " hindered me from diſpoſing of " them freely till now. I would " have preſented them to you my- " ſelf, but the uneaſineſs you diſ- " covered to my ſiſter this morning " would not permit me to follow " my inclination. I could not too " ſoon diſſipate your fears, and I " will all my life long prefer your " ſatisfaction to mine."

I confeſs with a bluſh, my dear *Aza*, that I was at that inſtant leſs ſenſible of *Deterville*'s generoſity, than

than of my own pleaſure that I was able to give him proofs of mine.

Immediately I ſet apart a vaſe, which chance, rather than avarice, had cauſed to fall into the hands of the *Spaniards*. It was the ſame (my heart knew it) which thy lips touch'd on that day when it was thy pleaſure to taſte ſome *Aca* * prepared by my hand. Richer in this treaſure than in all the reſt that was reſtored to me, I called the men who brought the cheſts, and would have had them take the whole back again as a preſent to *Deterville*: but *Celina* oppoſed my deſign.

How unjuſt you are, *Zilia*! ſaid ſhe. What, would you, who were offended at the offer of a trifle, deſire my brother to accept of immenſe riches? Obſerve equity in your own actions,

* A drink of the *Indians*.

actions, if you would inſpire others with it.

Theſe words ſtruck me, and I perceived there was more of pride and vengeance than of generoſity in my action. How near do the vices and virtues approach to each other! I confeſſed my fault, and asked *Celina*'s pardon: but what afflicted me the moſt was, the conſtraint ſhe laid me under, not to endeavour to repair what I had done. Do not puniſh me ſaid I, with a timid air, as much as I deſerve: diſdain not to accept of a few ſpecimens of the workmanſhip of our unfortunate countries: you have no need of them, and my requeſt ought not to give you offence.

While I ſpoke, I obſerved that *Celina* look'd attentively at ſome golden ſhrubs, with birds and inſects on them of excellent workmanſhip:

I inſtantly made her a preſent of them, together with a ſmall ſilver basket, which I filled with flowers and ſhells moſt curiouſly imitated. She accepted it with a goodneſs that tranſported me.

I afterwards choſe out ſeveral idols of the nations * conquer'd by thy anceſtors, and a ſmall ſtatue † repreſenting a virgin of the Sun: to theſe I added a tyger, a lion, and other courageous animals, and beſought her to ſend them to *Deterville*. Write to him then, ſaid ſhe with a ſmile: without a letter from you, the preſents will not be well receiv'd.

I

* The *Incas* cauſed the idols of the people they ſubdued to be depoſited in the temple of the Sun, after they had conformed to the worſhip of that luminary. They had idols alſo themſelves, the *Inca Huayna* having conſulted that of *Rimace*. See the hiſtory of the *Incas*.

† The *Incas* adorned their houſes with ſtatues of gold of all magnitudes, even to gigantic ſizes.

I was too well ſatisfied to refuſe any thing, and wrote all that my gratitude dictated: and when *Celina* was gone out, I diſtributed ſmall preſents to her *China* and mine, and put others aſide for my writing-maſter. Then it was that I enjoy'd the delicious pleaſure of being able to give.

I did not do this without choice, my dear *Aza*. All that came from thee, whatever thou wilt particularly remember, has not gone out of my hands.

The golden chair *, which was kept in the temple for the viſiting days of the *Capa-Inca*, thy auguſt father, placed in a corner of my apartment, in form of a throne, repreſents to me thy grandure, and the majeſty of thy rank. The great figure

* The *Incas* never ſet but upon ſeats of maſſy gold.

figure of the Sun, which I myſelf ſaw torn from the temple by the perfidious *Spaniards*, ſuſpended over it excites my veneration. I fall down before it, and adore it in mind, while my heart belongs all to thee.

The two palm-trees, which thou gaveſt to the Sun as an offering, and a pledge of the faith thou hadſt ſworn to me, placed on the two ſides of the throne, continually revive in my mind thy tender and affectionate oaths.

Flowers, birds, * diſpoſed with ſymmetry in all the corners of my apartment, form in miniature the image of thoſe magnificent gardens, where

* The gardens of the temple, and thoſe of the royal palaces, were filled with various kinds of imitations in gold and ſilver The *Peruvians* made images even of the plant *Mays*, with which they would fill whole fields.

where I have ſo often entertained myſelf with thy idea.

My ſatisfied eyes can fix in no part without calling to mind thy love, my joy, my bliſs, in a word all that will ever conſtitute the life of my life.

LETTER XXVIII.

IT was in vain, my dear *Aza*, that I endeavoured by prayers, complaints, and remonſtrances, to avoid quitting my retreat: I have been obliged to give way to *Celina*'s importunities, and we have been now three days in the country, where her marriage was celebrated at our firſt arrival.

What pain, what regret, what grief did I not feel at abandoning the

the dear and precious ornaments of my ſolitude! Alas! ſcarce had I had time to enjoy them, and I ſee nothing here to make amends for what I have loſt!

The joys and pleaſures with which every one here ſeems intoxicated, are ſo far from diverting and amuſing me, that they make me remember with greater regret the peaceable days I ſpent in writing to, or at leaſt in thinking of, thee.

The diverſions of this country appear to me as affected and unnatural as the manners: They conſiſt of a violent gaiety, expreſs'd by loud laughter, in which the ſoul ſeems to take no part; of inſipid games, in which money makes all the pleaſure; or elſe in converſations ſo frivolous, in which the ſame things are continually repeated, that they reſemble rather

rather the chattering of birds than the diſcourſe of thinking beings.

The young men, who are here in great number, were at firſt very buſy in following and ſeeming to oblige me: but, whether the coldneſs of my converſation has diſguſted them, or that my little reliſh for their entertainments has made them weary of taking pains to recommend their ſervices, two days only were ſufficient to make them forget me, and deliver me from their importunate notice.

The propenſity of the *French* is ſo natural to extremes, that *Deterville*, tho' exempt from a great part of the faults of his nation, does yet participate of this.

Not content with keeping the promiſe he has made of not ſpeaking his ſentiments any more to me, he

with remarkable caution avoids ſtaying where I am preſent: ſo that tho' we are obliged to ſee one another continually, I have not yet found an opportunity of talking with him.

By the ſorrow that oppreſſes him amidſt the public joy, I can eaſily perceive that in this ſhyneſs he commits a violence on himſelf. Perhaps I ought to be oblig'd to him for it: but I have ſo many queſtions to ask him about thy departure from *Spain*, thy arrival here, and other ſuch intereſting ſubjects, that I cannot pardon while I am forced to approve his conduct. I deſire violently to oblige him to ſpeak to me; but the dread of reviving his complaints and regrets prevents my doing it.

Celina, intirely taken up with her new ſpouſe, affords me no relief, and the reſt of the company are not agreeable

agreeable to me. Thus, alone in the midſt of a tumultuous aſſembly, I have no amuſement but my thoughts, which are all addreſſed to thee, my dear *Aza* thou ſhalt ever be the ſole confident of my heart, my pleaſures, my felicity.

LETTER XXIX.

I Was much to blame, my dear *Aza*, in deſiring ſo earneſtly a converſation with *Deterville*. He hath ſaid but too much to me: tho' I diſavow the trouble that he has excited in my ſoul, it is not yet effaced.

I know not what ſort of impatience was added yeſterday to my uſual melancholy: the world and the noiſe of it became to me more

troubleſome than ordinary. Except the tender ſatisfaction of *Celina* and her husband, every thing that I ſaw inſpired me with an indignation bordering on contempt. Aſhamed to find ſuch unjuſt ſentiments in my heart, I endeavoured to hide the perplexity they cauſed me in the moſt retired part of the garden.

Scarce had I ſat me down at the foot of a tree, before the tears involuntarily flow'd down my cheeks. With my face hid betwixt my hands, I was buried in ſo profound a reverie, that *Deterville* was on his knees by the ſide of me before I perceived him.

Be not offended, *Zilia*, ſaid he: it is chance that has brought me to your feet, I was not looking after you. Weary of the tumult, I was coming to enjoy my ſorrow in peace.

I perceived you, and ſtruggled with myſelf to keep at a diſtance from you: but I am too unhappy to continue ſo without ſeeking relief. In pity to myſelf I drew near, I ſaw your tears flow, and was no longer maſter of my powers. — But, if you command me to fly from you, I will obey. Can you do it, *Zilia*? Am I odious to you?—No, ſaid I: on the the contrary, ſit down, I am glad to have an opportunity of ſpeaking to you ſince your laſt benefits. — Let us not talk of them, interrupted he briskly. — But hear me, replied I: to be entirely generous, you muſt liſten to acknowledgment. I have not ſpoken to you ſince you reſtor'd to me the precious ornaments of the temple in which I was educated. Perhaps in my letter I badly expreſs'd the ſentiments that ſuch an

exceſs of goodneſs inſpired me with: but I meant —— Alas! interrupted he again, what comfort does acknowledgment bring to a heart that is wretched? Thanks are the companions of indifference, and too often allied with hatred.

What is that you dare think? cried I. Ah! *Deterville*, what a right ſhould I have to reproach you, if you were not ſo much to be pitied! Far from hating you, ever ſince the firſt moment I ſaw you, I have depended on you with leſs repugnance than on the *Spaniards*. Your gentleneſs and kindneſs have made me all along deſire to gain your friendſhip, in proportion as I ſaw farther into your character. I am confirmed in the opinion that you deſerve all mine, and, without ſpeaking of the extreme obligations I have to you (ſince my acknow-

acknowledgment diſpleaſes) how could I help entertaining the ſentiments which are ſo juſtly your due?

Your virtues alone I found worthy of the ſimplicity of ours: a ſon of the Sun would be honour'd by your ſentiments: your reaſon is like that of nature: How many motives then had I to eſteem you? Even the nobleneſs of your figure, and every thing about you pleaſes me: for friendſhip has eyes as well as love. Heretofore, after a ſhort abſence, you never came to me again but I felt a ſort of ſerenity expand in my heart. Why have you changed thoſe innocent pleaſures into pains and anxieties?

Your reaſon now appears but in ſtarts only, and I am continually afraid of thoſe ſallies. The ſentiments you entertain me with lay a

reſtraint on the expreſſion of mine, and deprive me of the pleaſure of deſcribing to you, without diſguiſe, the charms I could taſte in your friendſhip, if you did not yourſelf diſturb the ſweetneſs of it. You even take from me the delicate pleaſure of looking on my benefactor: your eyes perplex mine, and I no more obſerve in them that agreeable tranquility, which hath ſometimes paſſed to my very ſoul. Your conſtant and ſettled melancholy reproaches me eternally with being the cauſe of it. Ah *Determille*! how unjuſt are you, if you think your ſuffer alone.

My dear *Zilia*, cried he (kiſſing my hand with ardour) what an addition does your kindneſs and frankneſs of ſpeech make to my regret! What a treaſure would the poſſeſſion of ſuch a heart as yours be!

be! But with what aggravated deſpair do you make me ſenſible of the loſs of it!

Mighty *Zilia*, continued he, how great is your power? Was it not enough to convert me from the moſt careleſs indifference to love, from indolence to fury, but you muſt vanquiſh me too? Can I bear it?— Yes, ſaid I; this effort is worthy of your noble heart: an action ſo juſt and generous elevates you above mortals. But can I ſurvive it? reſum'd he ſorrowfully. Do not hope, however, that I ſhall ſerve for the victim of your love: I will continue ſtill to adore your idea, which ſhall be the bitter nouriſhment of my ſoul. I will love you, and ſee you no more. Oh! but at leaſt do not forget.—

The riſing ſobs choak'd his ſpeech, and he haſtily endeavoured to hide the tears which overflow'd his face. Affected equally with his generoſity and his grief, I ſhed ſome myſelf, and preſs'd one of his hands in mine. No, ſaid I, you ſhall not leave me. Let me ſtill keep my friend, and be you ſatisfied with thoſe ſentiments which I ſhall have for you all my life long. I love you almoſt as much as I love *Aza*, but I cannot love you in the ſame manner as him.

Cruel *Zilia*, cried he with tranſport, will you always accompany your goodneſs with ſuch piercing ſtrokes? Muſt a mortal poiſon continually deſtroy the charm that you convey with your words? How ſenſeleſs am I to be bewitch'd by their ſweetneſs! to what a ſhameful humility

lity do I degrade myſelf! But 'tis done, I recover myſelf, added he in a firm tone. Farewell; you ſhall ſoon ſee *Aza*; may he not make you feel torments like thoſe which prey on me; may he be ſuch as your deſire makes him, and worthy of your heart!

You cannot conceive, my dear *Aza*, what an alarm the air he pronounced theſe words in gave to my ſoul. I could not guard againſt the ſuſpicions that came crouding into my mind. I did not doubt but *Deterville* was better informed than he cared to appear, and had conceal'd from me ſome letters that he had receiv'd from *Spain*: In ſhort (ſhall I dare pronounce it?) I ſuſpected that thou wert unfaithful.

I intreated him, in the ſtrongeſt manner, to tell me the truth: but all that I could get out of him

amounted only to looſe conjectures, which had an equal tendency to confirm and to deſtroy my fears.

However, reflexions upon the inconſtancy of men, the dangers of abſence, and the facility with which thou hadſt changed thy religion, remained deeply graven upon my mind.

Now did my love, for the firſt time, become to me a painful ſentiment; now was I, for the firſt time, afraid of loſing thy heart. *Aza*, if it were true, if thou didſt not love me, would that my death had ſeparated us, rather than thy inconſtancy!

No; it was his own deſpair that ſuggeſted to *Deterville* theſe frightful ideas. Ought not his trouble and diſtraction to convince me of it? ſhould not his ſelf-intereſt, which makes him

him ſpeak, be called in queſtion by me? It was ſo, my dear *Aza*, and my reſentment turned all againſt him. I treated him roughly, and he quitted me in deſperate fury.

Alas! was I leſs deſperate than he? What torments did I not ſuffer, before I found again the repoſe of my heart? Is it yet well confirmed? *Aza!* I love thee ſo tenderly, canſt thou forget me?

LETTER XXX.

THY journey, my dear *Aza*, ſeems to me very long. How ardently do I deſire thy arrival! Time has diſſipated my inquietudes, and I now eſteem them only as a dream of which the light of the day has effaced the impreſſion. I accuſe myſelf

ſelf of a crime in having ſuſpected thee, and my repentance redoubles my tenderneſs: it has almoſt rooted out my compaſſion for the pains of *Deterville*. I cannot pardon him for the ill opinion he ſeems to have of thee, and I have leſs regret than ever in being as it were ſeparated from him.

We have been at *Paris* a fortnight, and I live with *Celina* in her huſband's houſe, which is ſo diſtantfrom that of her brother, that I am not obliged to ſee him every hour. He often comes hither to eat: but *Celina* and I live together in ſuch a hurry, that he has not leiſure to ſpeak with me in private.

Since our return, we employ part of the day in the tireſome work of dreſſing ourſelves, and the reſt in what

what they call here paying of viſits.

Theſe two occupations ſeem to me quite as unprofitable as they are fatiguing, if the latter did not procure me the means of informing myſelf more particularly of the cuſtoms of the country.

At my arrival in *France*, not underſtanding the language, I could judge of things only by their outſide. As I had little inſtruction in the religious houſe, I found the country turned to no better account, where I ſaw only a particular ſociety, with which I was too much tired to examine it. It is here only, that, by converſing with what they call the great world, I ſee the whole nation.

The viſits or *devoirs* that we pay, conſiſt in going to as great a number of houſes a poſſible, there to give

and

and receive a reciprocal tribute of praiſe upon the beauty of our faces and ſhapes, the excellence of our taſte, and the judicious choice of our dreſſes.

It was not long before I diſcovered the reaſon that made us take ſo much pains to acquire this homage: I find it is, becauſe there is a neceſſity of receiving in perſon this momentary incenſe: for no ſooner does any one diſappear, but ſhe takes another form. The charms that were found in her that goes out ſerve only to make a contemptuous compariſon, in order to eſtabliſh the perfections of her who comes in.

Cenſure is the reigning taſte of the *French*, as incoherence is the character of the nation. In their books, you find the general criticiſm of human manners, and in their converſation that

of

of every particular perſon, provided he be abſent.

What they call the mode has not altered the antient uſage of ſaying freely all the ill they can of others, and ſometimes even more than they think. People of the beſt behaviour follow the cuſtom, and are diſtinguiſhed only by a certain formal apology they make for their frankneſs and love of truth: which once over, they reveal the faults, the ridicules, and even the vices of others without ſcruple, not ſparing even their beſt friends.

As the ſincerity which the *French* uſe to one another is without exception, ſo their reciprocal confidence is without bounds. One need have neither eloquence to be heard, nor probity to obtain belief. Every thing

is ſaid, every thing is received, with the ſame levity.

Yet I would not have you think, my dear *Aza*, that the *French* are in general born with bad inclinations: I ſhould be more unjuſt than they if I left you in ſuch an error.

Naturally ſuſceptible of virtuous ſentiments, I never ſaw one of them that was not melted at the hiſtory, which they oblige me often to give them, of the rectitude of our hearts, the candour of our ſentiments, and the ſimplicity of our manners. If they lived amongſt us, they would become virtuous: but example and cuſtom are the tyrants by which they are ſway'd.

A man of good ſenſe ſpeaks ill of the abſent, becauſe he would not be deſpiſed by thoſe who are preſent: another would be honeſt, humane, and

and without pride, if he did not fear being ridiculous; and a third becomes ridiculous thro' ſuch qualities as would make him a model of perfection if he dared to exert them, and aſſume his juſt merit.

In a word, my dear *Aza*, their vices are artificial as well as their virtues, and the frivolouſneſs of their character permits them to be but imperfectly what they are. Like the play-things they give their children, theſe whimſical people ſhow only a faint reſemblance of the thinking beings they ſhould appear. You have weight, ſoftneſs, colour, and upon the whole a fair outſide, without any real value. Accordingly they are eſteemed by other nations only as the pretty toys and trifles of ſociety. Good ſenſe ſmiles at their genteel airs,

airs, and coldly ranks them in their proper place.

Happy the nation which has nature only for its guide, truth for its mover, and virtue for its principle!

LETTER XXXI.

IT is not ſurprizing, my dear *Aza*, that incoherence is a conſequence of the airy character of the *French*: but I cannot be enough ſurprized that they, with as much or more penetration than any other nation, ſeem not to perceive the ſhocking contradictions which foreigners remark in them at the firſt ſight.

Among the great number of thoſe which ſtrike me every day, I do not ſee any one that more diſhonours their

their underſtanding than their manner of thinking with regard to women. They reſpect them, my dear *Aza*, and at the ſame time deſpiſe them with equal exceſs.

The firſt law of their politeneſs, or virtue (I do not know that they have any other) regards the women. A man of the higheſt rank owes the utmoſt complaiſance to a woman of the moſt vile condition, and would bluſh for Shame, and think himſelf ridiculous in the higheſt degree, if he offered her any perſonal inſult. And yet a man of the leaſt conſideration and credit may deceive and betray a woman of merit, and blacken her reputation without fear of either blame or puniſhment.

If I was not aſſured that thou wilt ſoon be a judge of theſe things thyſelf, ſcarce ſhould I dare paint to thee ſuch con-

contraſts as the ſimplicity of our minds cannot without pain conceive. Docile to the notions of nature, our genius proceeds no farther: we have found that the ſtrength and courage of one ſex indicates that it ought to be the ſupport and defence of the other, and our laws are conformable to this diſcovery *. Here, far from compaſſionating the weakneſs of women, thoſe of the common people, tied down to labour, have no relief either from the laws or their husbands. Thoſe of more elevated rank, the prey either of the ſeduction or malice of men, have no recompence for their perfidies, except a ſhew of merely imaginary outſide reſpect, which is continually followed by the moſt biting ſatire.

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* The *Peruvian* laws diſpence the women from all hard bodily labour.

I perfectly well perceived, when I firſt converſed in the world here, that the habitual cenſure of the nation falls principally upon the women, and that the men do not deſpiſe one another without ſome caution or reſerve. I looked for the cauſe of this in their good qualities, when an accident reveal'd it to me among their defects.

In all the houſes we have entered for two days paſt, we have been told of the death of a young man killed by one of his friends, and the barbarous action is approved of for no other reaſon, but becauſe the dead had ſpoken to the diſadvantage of the living. This new extravagance ſeemed of ſo ſerious a character as to deſerve my exacteſt enquiry. Upon information, my dear *Aza*, I learn'd that a man is obliged to expoſe his life to take away

away that of another, if he hears that this other has been talking againſt him ; or to baniſh himſelf from ſociety, if he refuſes to take ſo cruel a vengeance. I wanted to be told no more, in order to form a clear idea of what I ſought. It is certain that the men, naturally cowards, without ſhame, and without remorſe, are afraid only of corporal puniſhments. And if the women were authoriſed to puniſh the outrages offered them in the ſame manner, as the men are oblig'd to revenge the ſlighteſt inſult offered to one another, ſuch perſons as we ſee now well received in ſociety, would not be ſo any longer. The ſlanderer muſt retire into a deſert, and there hide his malice and his ſhame. But cowards have nothing to fear, and have too well founded this abuſe to ſee it ever aboliſh'd.

Impudence

Impudence and effrontery are the firſt ſentiments that the men are inſpired with: timidity, gentleneſs, and patience are the ſole virtues that are cultivated in the women: How then are theſe to avoid being the victims of impunity?

O my dear *Aza*, let not the brilliant vices of a nation, otherwiſe charming, give us a diſguſt of the natural ſimplicity of our own manners! Let us not forget, thou, the obligation thou art under to be my example, my guide, and my ſupport in the path of virtue; I, the duty that lies on me to preſerve thy eſteem and thy love, by imitating my model, even by ſurpaſſing it if poſſible, and meriting a reſpect founded on virtue, and not on a frivolous cuſtom.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

OUR viſits and fatigues, my dear *Aza*, could not end more agreeably. What a delicious day did I ſpend yeſterday! How pleaſant are already the new obligations, which *Deterville* and his ſiſter confer on me, and how dear they will be when I can partake them with thee!

After two days reſt, we ſet out yeſterday morning from *Paris*, *Celina*, her brother, her husband, and I, to go, as ſhe told me, and pay a viſit to the beſt of her friends. The journey was not long, and we arrived early in the day at a country-houſe, the ſituation and avenues of which appeared to me admirable: but what aſtoniſhed me at going in was, to find

find all the doors open, and not to meet a ſingle perſon.

This houſe, too pretty to be abandoned, too ſmall to hide the people which ſhould inhabit it, ſeemed to me a kind of enchantment. I was diverted with the thought, and asked *Celina* if we were in the dwelling of one of thoſe fairies of whom ſhe had made me read the hiſtories, where the miſtreſs of the manſion and her domeſtics were all inviſible.

You ſhall ſee the miſtreſs, anſwered ſhe; but, as important affairs have called her away for the whole day, ſhe has charged me to prevail on you to do the honours of her houſe during her abſence. She added, laughing, Let us ſee how you will get off. I came readily into the joke, and put on a ſerious air to copy the compliments which I had heard made on like occaſions.

They told me I acquitted myſelf pretty well.

After amuſing ourſelves for ſome time in this manner, *Celina* ſaid, This politeneſs would be ſufficient to give us a good reception at *Paris*; but, madam, ſomething more muſt be done in the country. Will you not have the goodneſs to ask us to dinner?

Upon this head, ſaid I, I am not knowing enough to give you ſatiſfaction, and I begin to fear that your friend has relied too much on my care. I know a remedy for that, anſwered *Celina*; if you will only take the pains to write your name, you ſhall ſee that it is not ſo difficult as you think to treat your friends well. You give me comfort, ſaid I; let me write immediately.

I had

I had no ſooner pronounced theſe words, but I ſaw a man come in dreſſed in black, with a ſtandiſh in his hand, and paper, already writ upon. They placed it before me, and I wrote my name where I was directed.

At that inſtant another well looking man appeared, who invited us, in the uſual manner, to attend him into the dining-room.

We there found a table covered with equal propriety and magnificence: ſcarce were we ſeated when delightful muſick began to be heard in the next room: nothing, in ſhort, was wanting that could render a repaſt agreeable. *Deterville* himſelf ſeemed to have forgot his melancholy in order to make us merry; he expreſſed his paſſion to me in a thouſand manners, but always in a pleaſant tone, without complaints or reproaches.

The day was ſerene, and, with common conſent, we agreed to walk when we roſe from table. We found the gardens much more extenſive than the houſe ſeemed to promiſe; art and ſymmetry made themſelves admired by uniting to render the charms of ſimple nature more tranſporting.

The end of our walk was a wood, which terminates this fine garden: there ſitting all four on a delightful turf, we began already to indulge that reverie which natural beauties naturally inſpire, when, through the trees, we ſaw coming on one ſide a company of peaſants, properly dreſſed in their manner, preceded by ſome inſtruments of muſic, and, on the other ſide, a company of young women, dreſſed in white, their heads adorned with flowers of the field, who ſung in a ruſtic, but melodious manner, ſongs,

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in which, to my ſurprize, I heard my own name often repeated.

My aſtoniſhment was much greater, when the two companies being come up to us, the moſt diſtinguiſhed man quitted his, kneeled down on one knee, and preſented to me, in a large baſon, ſeveral keys, with a compliment which my perplexity did not ſuffer me to underſtand: I only comprehended in it, that being the chief of the villagers in that country, he came to do me homage in quality of their ſovereign, and preſent me with the keys of the houſe of which I was alſo the miſtreſs.

As ſoon as he had ended his harangue, he roſe to make room for the prettieſt of the young damſels: ſhe preſented me with a bundle of flowers adorned with ribbands, which ſhe accompanied alſo with a ſhort diſ-

courſe in my praiſe, delivered with a good grace.

I was too much confuſed, my dear *Aza*, to anſwer eulogies which I ſo little deſerved; otherwiſe, every thing that paſſed had an air ſo reſembling that of truth, that many times I could not help believing what nevertheleſs I thought incredible. This thought produced an infinite many others, and my mind was ſo engaged, that it was impoſſible for me to ſpeak a word. If my confuſion was diverting to the company, it was not ſo to myſelf.

Deterville was the firſt who took pity of me: he made a ſign to his ſiſter, who, after having given ſome pieces of gold to the lads and laſſes, and told them that thoſe were the earneſt of my kindneſs towards them, aroſe, and propoſed to take a turn into the wood. I followed her with plea-

pleaſure, intending to have reproached her heartily for the diſorder ſhe had put me into: but I had not time; for ſcarce had we taken half a dozen ſteps before ſhe ſtopped, and, looking on me with a ſmiling countenance, Confeſs, *Zilia*, ſaid ſhe, that you are very angry with us, and that you will be more ſo if I tell you that this land and this houſe do in very truth belong to you.

To me? cried I. Ah *Celina*, whether it be an affront or a joke, you carry it too far. Hear me, ſaid ſhe, more ſeriouſly: if my brother has diſpoſed of ſome parts of your treaſure to purchaſe it, and, inſtead of the diſagreeable formalities that would have been otherwiſe neceſſary, reſerved to you only the ſurprize when the thing was done, would you hate us mortally for ſo doing? Cannot

you pardon us for having procured you, at all events, ſuch a dwelling as you have appeared to like, and for having ſecured to you an independent life? You, this morning, ſigned the authentic deed that puts you in poſſeſſion of both. Murmur at us now as much as you pleaſe, added ſhe, ſmiling again, if nothing of all this is agreeable to you.

Oh my amiable friend! cried I, throwing myſelf at her feet, I have too lively a ſenſe of your generous cares to expreſs my acknowledgement. Theſe few words were all I was able to utter, my ſecret wiſh having before been to have ſuch an independency. Melting in rapturous tranſports, while I reflected on the pleaſure I ſhould have in conſecrating to thee this charming abode, the multitude of my ſentiments ſtifled the

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expreſſions of them. I embraced *Celina*, who returned my careſſes with the ſame tenderneſs; and, after having given me time to recover myſelf, we returned to her brother and her huſband.

Trouble ſeized me again when I came near *Deterville*, and cauſed a freſh perplexity in my expreſſions. I gave him my hand, which he kiſſed without ſpeaking a word, and turned aſide to hide the tears he could not contain; which I took for ſigns of his ſatisfaction on ſeeing me ſo contented. I was ſo moved myſelf as to ſhed ſome likewiſe. *Celina*'s husband, leſs concerned than we at what had paſſed, ſoon turned the converſation again into a pleaſant vein: he complimented me on my new dignities, and prevailed on me to return to the houſe, in order, as he ſaid, to exa-

mine the defects of it, and ſhew *Deterville* that his taſte was not ſo good as he flattered himſelf.

Shall I confeſs to thee, my dear *Aza*, that every thing on our way ſeemed now to put on a new form; that the flowers appeared more beautiful, the trees more verdant, and the ſymmetry of the garden better laid out?

I found more conveniency in the houſe, more riches in the furniture, and the ſmalleſt trifle became now a matter of concern to me.

I ran through the apartments in ſuch a rapture of joy, that I did not examine any thing minutely: the only place I ſtopped in was a room moderately large, ſurrounded with caſes curiouſly wrought, and covered with gold, in which there were a great number of books of all colours, of all forms, and

ad-

admirably neat. I was ſo enchanted, that I thought I could not have left them till I had read them all; but *Celina* pulled me away, putting me in mind of a golden key which *Deterville* had given me. We endeavoured to make uſe of it, but our endeavours would have been vain, if he had not ſhewn us the door it was to open; which was ſo artificially concealed in the wainſcot, that it had been impoſſible to diſcover it without knowing the ſecret.

I opened it haſtily, and ſtood immoveable at the ſight of the magnificence it had encloſed.

It was a cloſet all brilliant with glaſs and painting; the ground of the wainſcot was green, adorned with figures extremely well deſigned, and imitating part of the ſports and ceremonies of the

the city of the Sun, in ſuch manner as I had related them to *Deterville*.

Virgins were ſeen there repreſented in a thouſand places, in the ſame dreſs that I wore when I came into *France*; and I was even told that they were like me.

The ornaments of the temple, which I had left in the religious houſe, ſupported by gilt pyramids, adorned all the corners of this magnificent cabinet. The figure of the Sun, ſuſpended in the midſt of a cieling painted with the moſt beautiful colours of the heavens, compleated, by its luſtre, the embelliſhment of this charming ſolitude; and commodious moveables, ſuited to the paintings, rendered the whole delicious.

In examining more nearly what I was raviſhed to find again, I perceived that the golden chair was want-

wanting: though I avoided ſpeaking of it, *Deterville* gueſſed my thoughts, and ſeized that moment to expreſs himſelf. You ſearch in vain, ſaid he, fair *Zilia*: the chair of the *Incas*, by a magical power, is tranſformed into a houſe, a garden, and an eſtate: if I have not employed my own ſcience in this metamorphoſis, it was not without regret; but it was neceſſary to reſpect your delicacy. See here, added he, (opening a little buffet that was dextrouſly ſunk into the wall) theſe are the remains of the magical operation. At the ſame time he ſhewed me a ſtrong box of pieces of gold, all of the *French* currency. You know, continued he, that this is not one of the leaſt neceſſary things among us, and I thought it my duty to preſerve you a ſmall proviſion of it.

I began to expreſs my grateful thanks, and the admiration I was in of ſo many preventing cares, when *Celina* interrupted me, and pulled me into a room by the ſide of this marvellous cloſet. I would, ſaid ſhe, ſhew you the power of my art alſo. Large drawers were then opened, full of rich ſilks, linens, ornaments, in a word, of whatever is worn in the dreſs of women, all in ſuch abundance, that I could not help laughing, and asking *Celina* how many years ſhe deſired me to live, to make uſe of ſo many fine things? As long as I and my brother live, anſwered ſhe. And for my part, replied I, I deſire you may both live as long as I love you, and I am ſure you will not die before me.

As I ended theſe words we returned into the temple of the Sun (which is the name they gave to that wonderful cloſet)

ſet) and, having at laſt freedom of utterance, I expreſſed the ſentiments of my heart juſt as I felt them. What goodneſs! what a train of virtues in theſe proceedings of the brother and ſiſter!

We ſpent the reſt of the day in the delights of confidence and friendſhip. I endeavoured to regale them at ſupper ſtill more gaily than I had done at dinner. I gave orders freely to the ſervants, which I knew to be mine; joked upon my authority and opulence, and did all in my power to render their own benefits agreeable to my benefactors.

I fancied, however, that I perceived, in proportion as time wore away, that *Deterville* fell again into his melancholy, and even that *Celina* let drop ſome tears between whiles; but they both ſo readily reſumed a ſerene

rene air, that I again thought myſelf deceived.

I endeavoured to prevail on them to ſtay ſome days, and enjoy with me the good fortune they had procured. This I could not obtain: we came back the ſame night, promiſing ourſelves to return ſpeedily to my enchanted caſtle.

O my dear *Aza*, how great will be my felicity when I can inhabit it with thee!

LETTER XXXIII.

THE ſorrow of *Deterville* and his ſiſter, my dear *Aza*, has continued to augment ſince our return from my enchanted palace. They are both ſo dear to me, that I could not forbear being earneſt with them to

to diſcover to me the motive of it: but, ſeeing them obſtinately ſilent upon the ſubject, I did not doubt but ſome new misfortune had retarded thy journey; and, in a ſhort time, my uneaſineſs, of which I did not diſſemble the cauſe, overcame the reſolution of my amiable friends.

Deterville confeſſed that he had determined to conceal from me the day of thy arrival, in order to ſurprize me; but that my inquietude made him relinquiſh his deſign: in fact, he ſhewed me a letter from the guide which he cauſed to be appointed thee, and, by the calculation of the time, and the place where it was wrote, he made me underſtand that thou may'ſt be here to-morrow, to-day, this very moment; in ſhort, that I have no more time to meaſure till the inſtant arrives which will crown all my vows.

Having

Having gone thus far, *Deterville* did not heſitate telling me all the reſt of his diſpoſitions : he ſhewed me the apartment which he deſtined for thee; for thou wilt lodge here till, united together, decency permits us to inhabit my delicious caſtle. I will not loſe ſight of thee any more ; nothing ſhall ſeparate us : *Deterville* has provided every thing, and convinced me more than ever of the exceſs of his generoſity.

After he had given me theſe informations, I was no longer to ſeek for the cauſe of that ſorrow which devours him. It is thy near arrival: I pity him, I compaſſionate his grief, and wiſh him an happineſs, independent of my ſentiments, which may be a worthy recompence of his virtue.

I diſſemble even a part of the tranſports of my joy, that I may not

not irritate his pain. This is all I can do: but my own felicity engages me too much for me to keep it entirely hidden: therefore, tho' I believe thee very near me, tho' my heart leaps at the leaſt noiſe, tho' I interrupt my letter almoſt at every word to run to the window, yet I continue writing to thee, finding this relief to the tranſport of my heart neceſſary. Thou art near me,'tis true: but is thy abſence leſs real than if we were ſtill ſeparated by the ſeas? I do not ſee thee: thou canſt not hear me: why then ſhould I ceaſe to converſe with thee by the only means in my power? But a moment more, and I ſhall ſee thee: but this moment does not yet exiſt. Can I better employ ſo much of thy abſence as I am yet to bear, than by painting to thee the vivacity of my tenderneſs? Alas! thou haſt

hitherto

hitherto ſeen it breathing in ſighs only! Let that time be far from me! with what tranſport it will be effaced from my memory! *Aza*, dear *Aza!* how ſweet is that name to me! Very ſoon I ſhall no longer call thee in vain: thou wilt hear me, and fly to my voice. The moſt tender expreſſions of my heart ſhall be the reward of thy haſte. — I am interrrupted: it is not by thee, and yet I muſt quit this converſation with thee.

LETTER XXXIV.

To the Chevalier Deterville, at MALTA.

WERE you able, Sir, to foreſee, without repentance, the mortal chagrin you were going to join

join to the happineſs you had prepared for me? How could you have the cruelty to cauſe your departure to be preceded by ſuch agreeable circumſtances, by ſuch weighty motives of gratitude, unleſs it were to render me more ſenſible of your deſpair and your abſence? Tho' but two days ago wrapt up in the ſweets of friendſhip, I now feel the moſt bitter pains.

Celina, all afflicted as ſhe is, has but too well executed your orders. She preſented to me *Aza* with one hand, and your cruel letter with the other. At the completion of my vows grief darted thro' my ſoul: while I found the object of my tender love, I did not forget that I loſt that of all my other ſentiments. Ah *Deterville*! how inhuman this once is your love. But do not hope to

execute

execute your unjuſt reſolution to the utmoſt. The ſea ſhall not make a total ſeparation betwixt perſons ſo dear to each other: my name ſhall reach you: you ſhall receive my letters, you ſhall hear my prayers: blood and friendſhip ſhall reſume their rights over your heart, and you ſhall reſtore yourſelf to a family, to which I am reſponſible for your loſs.

What! in recompence of ſo many benefits, ſhall I poiſon your days and thoſe of your ſiſter? ſhall I break ſo tender an union? ſhall I fix deſpair in your hearts, while I ſtill enjoy your bounties? No, think not of it. I look on myſelf with horror in a houſe which I fill with mourning: I acknowledge your cares in the good treatment I receive from *Celina*, at the very time when I could pardon her for hating me. But whatever

thoſe cares are, I renounce them all, and remove for ever from a place which I cannot bear, unleſs you return.

Deterville, how very blind you are! What error is it that hurries you away in a deſign ſo contrary to your views? You would render me happy, and you only make me culpable: you would dry up my tears, and you make them flow: by your abſence you deſtroy all the fruit of your ſacrifice.

Alas! you would have found but too much delight in that interview which you dreaded as ſo very formidable! This *Aza*, the object of ſo much love, is no more the ſame *Aza* that I have painted to you in ſuch tender colours. The coldneſs of his approach, the praiſes of the *Spaniards*, with which he a hundred times interrupted

rupted the ſoft overflowings of my ſoul, the offenſive curioſity, which ſnatched him from my tranſports to viſit the rarities of *Paris*; all make me in dread of ills at which my heart ſhudders. Oh *Deterville*! perhaps you may not be long the moſt unhappy.

If compaſſion of yourſelf can work nothing on you, let the duties of friendſhip call you back: friendſhip is the only aſylum of unfortunate love. If the ills that I dread ſhould overwhelm me, what will you not have to reproach yourſelf with? If you abandon me, where ſhall I find a heart ſenſible of my pains? Shall generoſity, hitherto the moſt potent of your paſſions, give way at laſt to diſcontented love? No; I cannot believe it: ſuch a weakneſs would be unworthy of you: you are incapable of

of delivering yourſelf up to it: but come and convince me, if you love your own glory, and my repoſe.

LETTER XXXV.

To the Chevalier Deterville, at MALTA.

IF you was not the moſt noble of creatures, ſir, I ſhould be the moſt abject. If you had not the moſt humane of Souls, the moſt compaſſionate of hearts, would it have been to you that I ſhould have choſen to confeſs my ſhame and my deſpair? But alas! what remains for me to fear? why ſhould I pauſe? Every thing to me is loſt.

It is not the loſs of my liberty, of my rank, of my country, that I now deplore: they are not the inquie-

tudes of an innocent tenderneſs that now draw tears from me: it is the violation of good faith, it is love deſpiſed that rends my ſoul. *Aza* is unfaithful! *Aza unfaithful!* What power have thoſe fatal words over my ſoul! — My blood is frozen — a torrent of tears ——

I learned from the *Spaniards* to know misfortunes: but the laſt is the moſt ſenſible of all their ſtrokes. It is they that have robbed me of *Aza*'s heart; it is their cruel religion that renders me odious in his eyes. That religion approves, it ordains infidelity, perfidy, ingratitude: but it forbids the love of one's near relations. If I was a ſtranger, unknown, *Aza* might love me: but, being united to him by the ties of blood, he muſt abandon me, he muſt take away my life

life without ſhame, without regret, without remorſe.

Alas! contradictory as this religion is, if nothing had been neceſſary but to embrace it, in order to recover the good it had deprived me of, I could have ſubmitted my mind to its illuſions, without corrupting my heart by its principles. In the bitterneſs of my ſoul, I demanded to be inſtructed in it. My tears were not regarded. I cannot be admitted into a ſociety ſo pure, without abandoning the motive which determines me to deſire it — without renouncing my love, that is to ſay, without changing my exiſtence.

This extreme ſeverity, I muſt confeſs, ſtruck me with awe at the ſame time that my heart revolted againſt it: I cannot refuſe a ſort of veneration to laws that kill me: But it is in my

power to adopt them? And if I ſhould adopt them, what advantage would reſult from it? *Aza* loves me not: Oh, wretch that I am!—

The cruel *Aza* has preſerved nothing of the candour of our manners, except that reſpect for truth of which he makes ſo cruel an uſage. Seduced by the charms of a young *Spaniard*, ready to be united with her, he conſented to come into *France* only to diſengage himſelf from the faith he had ſworn to me, and to leave me without any doubt of his real ſentiments; only to reſtore to me a liberty which I deteſt, or, rather, to take away my life.

Yes, it is in vain that he reſtores me to myſelf; my heart is with him, and will be ſo till death.

My life belongs to him: let him take

take it from me ;—but, let him love me.——

You knew my misfortune: Why then did you only half inform me of it? Why did you give me room for ſuſpicions only, which made me unjuſt to you? Alas! why do I impute this to you as a crime? I ſhould not have believed you: blind and prepoſſeſs'd, I ſhould have fled to meet my fatal deſtiny, have conducted her victim to my rival, and have now been———O ye Gods, ſave me from this horrible image!

Deterville, too generous friend! am I worthy to be heard? Am I worthy of your pity? Forget my injuſtice: lament a wretch whoſe eſteem for you is ſtill ſuperior to her weakneſs for an ingrate.

LETTER XXXVI.

To the Chevalier Deterville, at MALTA.

BY your complaining of me, Sir, I know you are ignorant of the ſtate from which I am juſt drawn by the cruel cares of *Celina*. How could I write to you? I thought no more. If any ſentiment had remained in me, doubtleſs it would have been that of confidence in you. But environed by the ſhadows of death, the blood frozen in my veins, I was a long time ignorant of my own exiſtence. I forgot even my misfortunes. Why, O ye Gods, in calling me back to life, have you alſo recalled to me that fatal remembrance?

He

He is gone! I ſhall ſee him no more! He flies me, he does not love me me, he has told me ſo: every thing with regard to me is at an end. He takes another wife, and honour condemns him to abandon me. It is well, cruel *Aza*! Since the fantaſtic humour of *Europe* has charms for thee, why doſt thou not alſo imitate the art that accompanies it?

Happy *French* women, you too are betray'd; but you long enjoy that error which would now be my only good. I am killed by the mortal blow while it is only preparing for you. Fatal ſincerity of my nation, doſt thou ceaſe then to be a virtue? Courage, firmneſs, are you then crimes when occaſion ſo requires?

Thou haſt ſeen me at thy feet, barbarous *Aza*, thou haſt ſeen thoſe feet bathed with my tears — and thou

art fled — Horrible moment! why does not this remembrance deprive me of life?

If my body had not ſunk under the weight of my grief, *Aza* ſhould not have triumph'd over my weakneſs — he ſhould not have gone alone. I would have followed thee, ingrate, I would have ſeen thee, I would have died at leaſt before thy eyes.

Deterville, what fatal weakneſs has removed you to ſuch a diſtance from me! You would have ſuccoured me: what the diſorder of my deſpair could not have done, your reaſon, capable to perſuade, would have obtained: perhaps *Aza* might ſtill have been here. But, Oh Gods! already arrived in *Spain* at the height of his bliſs! —— uſeleſs regrets, fruitleſs deſpair, boundleſs grief overwhelm me.!

Seek

Seek not, Sir, to ſurmount the obſtacles which retain you at *Malta*, in order to return hither. What would you do here? Fly a wretch who is no longer ſenſible of your kindneſs, who is a torment to herſelf, and wiſhes only to die.

LETTER XXXVII.

TAKE courage again, too generous friend: I would not write to you till my days were in ſafety, and till, leſs agitated myſelf, I could calm your inquietudes. I live: fate will have it ſo, and I ſubmit to the laws of deſtiny.

The cares of your amiable ſiſter reſtored my health, and ſome returns of reaſon have ſupported it. The

certainty that my misfortune is without remedy, has done the reſt. I know that *Aza* is arrived in *Spain*, and that his crime is compleat: my grief is not extinct, but the cauſe of it is no longer worthy of my regret. If any regret now remains in my heart, it is due only for the pains I have cauſed you, for my error, for the wandrings of my reaſon.

Alas! in proportion as this reaſon enlightens me, I diſcover its impotence. What power has it in a deſolate ſoul? The exceſs of grief throws us back to the weakneſs of childhood. As in that firſt age, ſo in this, objects only have power over us; the ſight ſeems to be the only ſenſe that has an intimate communication with the ſoul: of this I have had woful experience.

As

As I recovered from the long and ſenſeleſs lethargy into which I was plunged by the departure of *Aza*, the firſt deſire that nature inſpired me with, was to retire into that ſolitude which I owe to your providential goodneſs. It was not without difficulty that I obtained leave of *Celina* to be conducted thither. There I found helps againſt deſpair, which neither the world, nor friendſhip itſelf, could ever afford me. In your ſiſter's houſe, even her converſation could never prevail over the objects which inceſſantly renewed in my mind the perfidy of *Aza*.

The door by which *Celina* brought him into my chamber on the day of your departure and his arrival; the ſeat on which he ſat; the place in which he denounced my miſery, and reſtored me my letters; even the remembrance of his

his ſhadow on the wainſcot, where I had obſerved the proportions of it; all gave every day freſh wounds to my heart.

Here I ſee nothing but what recalls the agreeable ideas I received at the firſt ſight of the place: I find nothing but the image of your friendſhip, and that of your amiable ſiſter.

If the remembrance of *Aza* preſents itſelf to my mind, it is under the ſame aſpect which I then beheld him. I think myſelf waiting for his arrival. I give way to this illuſion as long as it is agreeable to me: if it quits me, I have recourſe to books, and read greedily at the firſt. Inſenſibly new ideas veil over the horrid truth that environs me, and, at the end, give ſome relaxation to my ſorrow.

Shall I confeſs that the ſweets of liberty ſometimes preſent themſelves

to

to my imagination, and that I liſten to them? Amuſed by agreeable objects, their propriety has charms which forces me to reliſh them. I confide in my own taſte, and rely but little on my reaſon. I give way to my weakneſſes, and combat thoſe of my heart only by indulging to thoſe of my mind. The maladies of the ſoul will not bear violent remedies.

Perhaps the faſtidious decency of your nation does not permit to one of my age that independency and ſolitude in which I live: whenever *Celina* comes to ſee me, ſhe at leaſt endeavours to perſuade me ſo; but ſhe has not yet given me ſufficient reaſons to convince me that I am to blame. True decency is in my heart. It is not to the image of virtue that I pay homage, but to virtue itſelf. I will al-

always take her for the jugde and guide of my actions. To her will I conſecrate my life, and to friendſhip my heart. Alas! when will it have the undivided and uninterrupted poſſeſſion and ſway?

LETTER XXXVIII, and laſt.

To the Chevalier Deterville, *at* Paris.

IT was almoſt at the ſame time, ſir, that I read the news of your departure from *Malta*, and that of your arrival at *Paris*. Whatever the pleaſure will be that I ſhall taſte at ſeeing you again, it cannot overcome my concern occaſioned by the billet you wrote to me at your arrival.

How, *Deterville*, after having taken upon you to diſſemble your ſentiments

ments in all your letters, after having given me room to hope that I ſhould no longer have a paſſion that afflicts me to combat, do you deliver yourſelf up more than ever to its violence?

To what purpoſe do you affect a deference towards me, which you contradict at the ſame inſtant? You ask leave to ſee me, you aſſure me of a blind ſubmiſſion to my will, and yet you endeavour to convince me of ſentiments the moſt oppoſite to ſuch a ſubmiſſion. This gives me diſpleaſure, and, I aſſure you, I ſhall never approve of ſuch conduct.

But ſince a falſe hope ſeduces you, ſince you give a wrong turn to my confidence, and the ſtate of my ſoul, it is proper I ſhould tell you what are my reſolutions, which are not to be ſhaken like yours.

You

You flatter yourſelf in vain that you ſhall cauſe my heart to put on new chains. The treachery of another does not diſengage me from my oaths. Would to heaven it could make me forget the ingrate: but, if I could forget him, yet, true to myſelf, I would not be perjured. The cruel *Aza* abandons a good that was dear to him: his rights over me are not the leſs ſacred: I may be healed of my paſſion, but never can have any except for him. All the ſentiments that friendſhip inſpires are yours, and I ſhall be faithful to them. You ſhall enjoy my confidence and ſincerity in the ſame degree, and both ſhall be without bounds. All the lively and delicate ſentiments, which love has diſcovered in my heart, ſhall turn to the advantage of friendſhip. I will let you ſee, with equal openneſs of ſoul, my regret

that

that I was not born in *France*, and my invincible inclination towards *Aza*; how grateful it would have been to me that I had owed to you the advantage of thinking, and my eternal acknowledgment to him who procured me that bleſſing. We will read in each others ſouls: confidence, as well as love, can give rapidity to time: there are a thouſand ways to make friendſhip inſtructing, and baniſh from it all ſatiety.

You ſhall give me ſome knowledge of your arts and ſciences, and, in ſo doing, taſte the pleaſure of ſuperiority: I will make repriſal on you, by diſcovering virtues in your heart which you did not know to be there. You ſhall adorn my mind with what may render it amuſing, and enjoy the fruit of your own work: I will endeavour to make the native charms of ſimple friend-

ſhip agreeable to you, and ſhall find myſelf happy in ſucceeding.

Celina, by dividing her love betwixt us, ſhall throw that gaiety into our converſations which they might otherwiſe want. What more ſhall we have to deſire?

Your fears that ſolitude may be hurtful to my health are groundleſs. Believe me, *Deterville*, ſolitude is never dangerous but through idleneſs. Continually employed, I can ſtrike out to myſelf new pleaſures from every thing that action would elſe render inſipid.

Without ſearching deep into the ſecrets of nature, is not the ſimple examination of its wonders ſufficient to vary and renew inceſſantly occupations that are always agreeable? Does life itſelf ſuffice to acquire a ſlight, but intereſting knowledge of the univerſe,

verſe, of what ſurrounds me, and of my own exiſtence?

The pleaſure of being; that forgotten, unknown pleaſure to ſo many mortals; this thought ſo ſweet, this happineſs ſo pure, *I am, I live, I exiſt*; is alone enough to convey bliſs, if we remember it, if we enjoy it, if we konw the value of it.

Come, *Deterville*, come, and learn of me to husband the reſources of our ſouls, and the benefits of nature. Renounce thoſe tumultuous ſentiments, the imperceptible deſtroyers of our being. Come, and learn to know innocent and durable pleaſures: come, and enjoy them with me. You ſhall find in my heart, in my friendſhip, in my ſentiments, all that is wanting to indemnify you for the loſs of love.

The E N D.

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